UNCLE SAM'S CHILDREN

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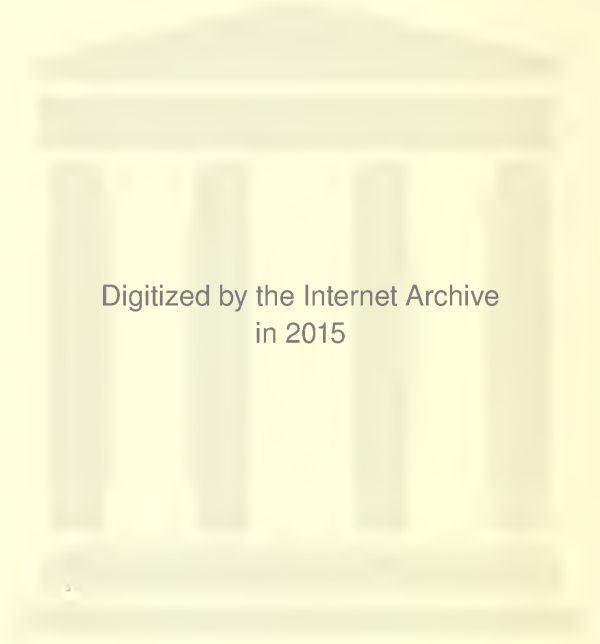

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UNCLE SAM'S CHILDREN

IN A FILIPINO VILLAGE.

UNCLE SAM'S CHILDREN

A STORY OF LIFE IN THE PHILIPPINES

BY

OSCAR PHELPS AUSTIN

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UNCLE SAM'S CHILDREN

A STORY OF LIFE IN THE PHILIPPINES

CHAPTER I

"WHAT do you think of the Philippines, Dan?"

"The Philippines! Sallie, surely you are not thinking of going there, are you?"

Readers of "Uncle Sam's Secrets" and "Uncle Sam's Soldiers" will remember Dan Patterson, Sallie Dennison, and Henry Wilson. Dan's exciting adventures among the counterfeiters and detectives and courts of justice in Washington, as related in "Uncle Sam's Secrets," and followed by equally interesting experiences as a part of the signal corps with the army in Cuba and Porto Rico, as told in the second story, "Uncle Sam's Soldiers," will be readily recalled; while no reader of these stories can forget that gentle and womanly character Sallie Dennison, who as an angel of mercy nursed Mr. Patterson, Dan's uncle, through his dangerous illness, as described in the first volume, and served with

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equal success as a nurse in the war with Spain, as described in the second volume. True, Henry Wilson did not make his appearance until the beginning of the second of these stories, but his stirring letters to Dan, written from Hawaii and Manila, told the story of the American success in the Philippines during the war with Spain. These names and the incidents which they recall will also bring to the minds of the readers of those volumes Mr. Chilton, the detective whose careful attentions to Mr. Addison, the counterfeiter and Spanish spy, were features of both the first and the second of these stories.

The war with Spain was successfully ended, the volunteer army disbanded, the sword beaten into the plowshare and the bayonet into the pruning hook, and Dan returned to the life of the farm in West Virginia, as did also Sallie Dennison, whose home was but a short distance from Dan's. The hours passed uneventfully, Dan following the plow, but devoting his evenings and rainy days to his books and the newspapers, which enabled him to keep well in touch with the affairs of the busy world; while Sallie, now a young woman, was called by the people of her neighborhood to be mistress of the public school.

The years passed quickly and peacefully. Our friends saw each other at intervals, but Dan was absorbed in his books and his work and Sallie equally

so in her chosen vocation as an instructor of the children, whom she had come to love; they scarcely realized the rapidity with which the years were passing and carrying them away from the boyhood and girlhood when they had encountered the stirring experiences told in the volumes above mentioned—"Uncle Sam's Secrets" and "Uncle Sam's Soldiers."

One day, several years after the close of the war with Spain, they met at the Fourth of July celebration which the patriotic citizens of their country home insisted upon giving with each return of that day. The flags were flying, the Congressman from the district had made his speech, and Dan had marched at the head of the local militia company which took part in the parade, in which Sallie, or Miss Dennison as she was now called, had also participated with her pupils.

"I want to have a talk with you, Dan," said Miss Dennison, as they met after the active proceedings of the day were over and the people were placing their lunch baskets in position for the picnic which always followed the oratorical and other exercises.

"Certainly, Sallie," said Dan, who, having known the young woman from girlhood, still felt at liberty to address her thus familiarly. "It seems good to have a chance to be with you again and talk over

the strange experiences when you helped me to brush away the web which that rascal Addison was weaving around me in Washington, and to recall also the work which you did in helping to save the lives and reduce the suffering of our sick and wounded soldiers in the war with Spain."

"But it isn't that that I want to talk of," said Miss Dennison. "I have more important things to think of just now, and it is about them that I want to consult you. I have no father, you know, Dan, for he gave his life to save that of the men in the burning mine, and I have few friends here whom I care to consult about such a step as I now contemplate, a step which is of such importance and gravity that I should take the advice of my best and wisest friends before reaching a final decision."

Dan looked at her in surprise.

Could it be that she was contemplating marriage? But she, with her woman's intuition, quickly fathomed his thoughts and hastened to reassure him.

"It is about a long trip to the other side of the world that I want to consult you," she said.

"To the other side of the world!" said Dan, not understanding her meaning.

"Yes," she answered. "Come and sit down on this log in the shade and we can talk it over, for if I go I shall want experience in finding shady places,

since the place that I am thinking of as my future home has summer three hundred and sixty-five days in the year and three hundred and sixty-six days in leap year."

Dan was puzzled. He had never seen Miss Dennison in just such a mood—a calm, methodical working out of some plan for her life work apparently, yet groping in doubt and looking for counsel from one of such limited experience as himself.

"Summer three hundred and sixty-five days in the year," he said musingly; "I don't understand you. I hope you don't think of going back to Cuba, where we found so many discomforts in those broiling summer days?"

"Much farther away than that," said Miss Dennison. "Cuba isn't on the other side of the globe, is it, Dan?"

"No," said Dan, staring in a confused way at her. "The—other—side—of—the globe! Surely you don't mean that you are thinking of India or China or any of those places where the missionaries go and get murdered and where

> 'The heathen in his blindness
> Bows down to wood and stone.'"

Miss Dennison laughed. It was a nervous, hysterical laugh, for she had had this subject upon her

mind for weeks and months and had never brought herself to mention it to a single person; and now that she was attempting to announce it seriously she found herself strangely excited and anxious, and this application of the words of the good old hymn which they had heard so often in the country meetinghouse impressed her as especially ludicrous.

"No, no, it is not India or China, for I've been reading about those awful Boxer troubles in China, where the missionaries and ministers were shut up in Pekin for weeks, with thousands of Chinamen trying to take their lives, and saved only by the arrival of American and European soldiers. It's not there. But what do you think of the Philippines, Dan?"

"The Philippines!" said Dan in amazement. "The Philippines, Sallie! Surely you don't mean——"

"Yes, I do mean just that," said Miss Dennison, interrupting him. "Why shouldn't I mean the Philippines, and why shouldn't I go there if I want to? They are Uncle Sam's own islands and our Government wants teachers to go there to teach the Filipinos, and I guess if I can teach young West Virginians I could teach young Filipinos." Her voice trembled as she said it, and covering her face with her hands she burst into tears, for her excitement on disclosing this project over which she had

thought so long in silence quite unnerved her, and her feelings were intensified by the expression of amazement with which it had been met.

"Of course you could teach young Filipinos, Sallie, or old ones either," said Dan, hastening to soothe her wounded feelings. "Of course you could teach them. I didn't mean that, but—but—it's so far away and all the people are so strange and the weather is so hot and the lizards and the snakes——"

There was a shrill scream—a woman's scream. Miss Dennison sprang to her feet, and scrambling upon the log on which she had been seated drew her skirts carefully about her feet, looking wildly around. "Snakes!" she said excitedly; "snakes and lizards!"

"Not here, Sallie," said Dan, turning his face away to prevent laughter. "I didn't mean here, I was talking about the Philippines."

"Pshaw!" ejaculated Miss Dennison, with a mingled look of relief and annoyance over her needless alarm. "Is that all? Why, I read a long letter from a school-teacher in the Philippines, and she didn't say a word about snakes. As for the lizards, they say they are quite harmless, and are considered household pets, as harmless as a kitten and very convenient for catching flies and mosquitoes."

"So I have heard," said Dan dryly; "and I have

read too that many of the natives keep large snakes in the garrets of their houses to catch the rats. They may be both harmless and useful, but I don't think they would be very pleasant companions. But you really don't mean that you are seriously thinking of going to the Philippines as a teacher, Sallie?"

"I really do mean it," said Sallie quietly, for she had regained her composure and was quite her womanly self again. "Teachers are greatly needed in the Philippines, and the Government is asking people to go there for that work. Somebody must go, and I can be spared here, for nobody would miss me except the children in my school, and another teacher could be easily found for them."

"Nobody, did you say, Sallie?" asked Dan in a low tone and with an earnest look; "nobody, Sallie?"

"Then it would be only for a short time," said Sallie; "for they say that all the people who go to those hot countries are allowed to come home for a rest and change of climate after a few years' service. And then, you see, the Government sends you out there on one of its big ships and pays you a good salary, more than twice as much as I get for teaching here. Then think, too, of the things I should see and learn by the trip, and how much more useful I could be when I came back to my school here.

And more than that, Dan, I want to be helpful to the poor people of those islands who are in need of teachers."

Dan was silenced, if not convinced. "Perhaps you are right, Sallie," he said slowly. "You usually are; but—but it's such a trip for you to take alone, halfway round the world, and among people that you have never seen and who speak all sorts of languages that you have never heard."

"Oh, that is not so serious," said Sallie with a quiet smile. "I've studied it all out on my maps. You just take the train for San Francisco and get on the transport there, and in three weeks or a month you are in Manila. Besides, I should not be alone, for Miss Saxton, a teacher in the next district, is going, and we have planned to make the trip together if the Government will accept me to go with her, and you know I have already had some experience in traveling, owing to my long voyage to Cuba and my experiences as a nurse in that war."

"A telegram for Miss Sallie Dennison," said a voice just beside them; and, turning, they saw a messenger from the railway station.

"A telegram for me?" said Miss Dennison. "A telegram, what can that mean?"

She seized the envelope and tore it open with a nervous hand and read:

"The Government accepts you as a teacher in the Philippines. Transport leaves New York on Saturday, going by way of Suez Canal, Ceylon, Singapore, and Hongkong to Manila. We must leave by morning train to-morrow. JENNIE SAXTON."

"Short notice," said Miss Dennison, folding the telegram and rising resolutely from her seat. "Short notice to get ready for a trip halfway round the world. But I shall go. My school term has closed for the season, and the directors can easily get another teacher before the school opens next September. By that time I shall be in the Philippines teaching the English language to the young Filipinos."

CHAPTER II

It was a busy morning at the transport docks in the great city of New York. Heavily loaded teams were arriving with crates of canned goods and boxes of khaki uniforms for military use in hot climates; men with blue coats and brass buttons were hurrying back and forth and shouting orders to the gangs of workmen; baggage vans were being unloaded, and the trunks and traveling bags marked and labeled and put in orderly piles in the great shed which covered the dock. Alongside lay a big steamer with the United States flag at the masthead, tugging at her ropes and groaning and creaking as if anxious to be off for a twelve-thousand-mile trip across three oceans.

"Hurry up, fellows!" shouted an officer. "Step lively, now; the ship is to sail within an hour, and here's all this freight to go on board and all that baggage to be put in the staterooms. Look out there! Don't you see the cab?"

As he said this a cab with a panting horse stopped

just at the gang plank, and two young women, plainly dressed, with red eyes and hats awry, scrambled hurriedly out and looked about them in a somewhat bewildered way.

"Is this the place?" asked one of them, speaking partly to the driver and partly to the huge pile of trunks which loomed up beside them.

"Sure, miss, this is the dock where ye said ye wanted to come, and I guess that's the vessel, for I see the Stars and Stripes floating over her deck, and we don't see them on many vessels here, except them as belongs to the Government."

"But this is such a big ship and so many people. How shall we ever find out whether this is the place?" said one of them timidly. "What shall we do, Sallie?"

"I beg your pardon, ladies," said the officer who had been shouting orders to the workmen. "Are you looking for the Government transport for Manila?"

"Yes, sir," responded the one who had just spoken. "We are to go to the Philippines as teachers, and this telegram, which I received day before yesterday, said that the boat would leave this morning. So we traveled all day yesterday and all night to get here, and we are so tired, and this is such a noisy city, and—and——"

"Yes, yes," said the officer with an amused smile, as he glanced at their red eyes and disordered garments, which suggested a night of discomfort on the train. "Yes," he said again as he took the telegram which Miss Saxton handed him, "you are Miss Saxton, of West Virginia, and this is your friend, Miss Dennison. It's all right. I sent that telegram myself, and I am glad to see that you were able to get here. It was a pretty short call for two ladies to get ready to make a trip of twelve thousand miles, and I wondered whether you would make it. Well," he added musingly, "it's a good sign. People who do that sort of thing ought to have the stuff in them to make good teachers in the Philippines."

In a few moments they were on board the steamer and placed in charge of the stewardess, a motherly looking person who led the way to the stateroom to which they had been assigned. Sallie carried in one hand a heavy traveling bag, a relic of her experiences in Cuba, and in the other the ample lunch basket with which she had been provided by her enthusiastic pupils before leaving. Her companion was similarly burdened, and they tugged painfully with their bundles through the narrow pasageway, bumping against the legs of the officers who hurried by them shouting orders and making ready for the departure of the vessel.

"Here's your stateroom, ladies," said the stewardess, opening the door of a little compartment with two narrow beds at the side.

"This a stateroom!" said Miss Saxton, who was making her first acquaintance of life on shipboard. "This little place for two people to live and sleep in! Why, it isn't as big as our pantry at home. And, did you ever! Why, Sallie, just look at those beds! They look like pantry shelves for the chinaware. Why, there isn't room to turn around, and as for our trunks, we couldn't get one of them in here. What shall we do, Sallie?"

"Oh, you'll soon get used to that," said the stewardess with a smile. "Your trunks will be placed in the baggage room, and you can go down there every day when the weather is good and get the things out of them."

And she hurried away to her other duties, leaving the two young women to make their plans for the long and interesting trip which was before them.

They examined the curious little room with many exclamations of astonishment, though it was not altogether new to Sallie, who had had a like experience on her trip to Cuba as an army nurse, and she took delight in initiating Fannie into the mysteries of the folding-up washstand, the tiny closet for their wraps, and the funny little ladder with which the

occupant of the upper berth could ascend to her bed, which Fannie persisted in calling "the upper shelf."

"I'll tell you what we can do," she said with a laugh. "I'll take the upper shelf one night and you can take it the next. Then the occupant of the lower shelf will have room to dress while the one on the upper shelf turns over for a morning nap."

"All right," said Miss Dennison with a smile; "I'll take the upper shelf to-night, for it would be hardly fair to initiate you into steamer life by putting you up there the first night. After that we—" She stopped suddenly, turning pale as she caught a glimpse of a passing face; then springing to the door of the stateroom, she peered long and earnestly down the passageway after the rapidly retreating figure.

"What's the matter, Sallie?" asked Miss Saxton. "Have you seen a ghost? You were as white as my handkerchief, and I thought you were going to run down the hallway after that man."

Miss Dennison sat down suddenly and covered her face with her hands. For several minutes she did not speak or move. Then she rose, and turning to the little circular opening, called in nautical terms the "port," but which Miss Saxton had called "a funny little window," drew long deep draughts of fresh air. When she turned again to her astonished

companion, the color was gradually returning to her face.

"Why don't you speak, Sallie?" said Miss Saxton eagerly. "Are you ill? Perhaps that long ride on the train and the excitement of our rush across the city to catch the vessel have been too much for you."

"No, no," said Miss Dennison. "It's more than that. You spoke rightly, Fannie, when you asked if I had seen a ghost, for that seems to be the best explanation I can find for what I have just seen."

"What do you mean, Sallie?" inquired Miss Saxton, looking anxiously into the passageway down which Miss Dennison had been staring.

"Wallace Addison," said Miss Dennison. "That face was surely the face of Wallace Addison. I caught but a glimpse of it as the figure passed the door, but I could not have been mistaken. I've seen it too often and under too many strange circumstances to fail to recognize it." She shuddered as she spoke, and again covered her eyes with her hands, as if to shut out the picture which presented itself before her mental vision.

"I do not understand at all," said Miss Saxton. "Who is Wallace Addison, and why does a glimpse of his face affect you so? I thought he was a neatly dressed and rather nice-looking man."

"Who is Wallace Addison?" said Miss Dennison, repeating her words and staring at her. "Is it possible that you can ask such a question? Oh, yes, I forgot," she said after a moment's reflection. "I forgot that you came to our neighborhood after all of those terrible things happened—things in which he caused the death of my father and attempted to destroy the reputation of another man, and afterwards turned traitor to his country in time of war. It all happened before you came to our neighborhood, and I beg your pardon for my reply to your question about him."

"Tell me about it, Sallie," said Miss Saxton, taking a seat beside her and putting an arm gently about her waist.

"It's a long story, Fannie, and I can't tell it to you in detail now, for I am too much excited and too much alarmed also, for this man's presence seems always to mean danger to me or to some who are dear to me. Wallace Addison was a young man in our neighborhood who lived in a castle on the mountain side, with no visible occupation but always with plenty of money. One day Dan Patterson was sent by his foster father to Washington to exchange some defaced bills for new ones, and Addison followed him secretly, getting possession of the bag which contained the bills and placing counterfeit bills in

their places. He also placed in Dan's pocket a die which he had been detected in stealing from the Mint at Philadelphia; and as a result Dan was arrested in Philadelphia on the charge of stealing the die, and afterwards again arrested in Washington on the charge of being a counterfeiter. Meantime Addison, whose crime was not yet known, returned home and enticed my father into a transaction which led him to do certain things that cost him his life. The facts all came out on the trial of Dan Patterson, and when the officers attempted to arrest Addison he plunged into the river and disappeared, and they thought he was drowned. But he reappeared at the beginning of the war with Spain, was arrested as a Spanish spy, escaped again, and finally, just as the war with Cuba was about closing, was again detected as a spy in the American camp. While fleeing from his pursuers he was shot, and fell, apparently dead. But it must be that he did not die, for I am sure that it was his face that I saw pass that door."

"Oh, you are probably mistaken, Sallie," said Miss Saxton soothingly. "There are millions of people in this great country of ours, millions even in this city, for you know our schoolbooks tell us that Greater New York has a population of nearly four million. But you didn't tell me all of this matter, for I now remember to have heard that you were

the principal witness by which Mr. Addison's crime was uncovered and Dan Patterson acquitted."

"Oh! I cannot talk any more about that now, Fannie. Please excuse me, but I really cannot," said Miss Dennison, rising excitedly from her seat and pacing the little room.

"Certainly, Sallie," replied Miss Saxton. "Forgive me for suggesting it. Come, let us go up on the roof of the ship, for I think it is going to start soon."

"On the roof?" said Miss Dennison in a bewildered way. "Oh, I understand." And she burst into a nervous, almost hysterical laugh. "You mean on the deck, Fannie; that is what they call that part of the vessel, and if you don't want to be laughed at by all the people on board don't let them hear you call it the roof."

After a few minutes spent in consulting the mirror and bathing red eyes and adjusting hats, they made their way among scattered trunks and boxes and bundles to the deck, which was crowded with officers and soldiers, and here and there a group of ladies, apparently the wives of officers bound for the Philippines.

The vessel was already beginning to move. The stout ropes which held her to the docks had been made loose and were being pulled on board, the pro-

pellers were revolving, and the great ship, like a thing of life, began to draw steadily away from the dock. The crowd of people who had gathered to see their friends off were shouting good-bys, when a cab hurriedly drove down to the end of the dock, a young man with bronzed face sprang quickly out and rushed to the point nearest the vessel, waving his hat in an excited way and gesticulating and shouting words which could not be understood by those on board.

"That fellow arrived too late," said a voice just beside the two young women, who stood near the bow of the vessel intent on the strange scenes around them. "He evidently came to see some of his friends off, but arrived just a few minutes too late. Why, what's the man doing? He seems to be trying to signal." For the young man had drawn a handkerchief from his pocket and was swinging it in a curious fashion, first to the right, then to the left, then up, then down, in a methodical way but with an energy which suggested that he had an important communication for somebody on the vessel.

"Why, that's Dan Patterson," said Miss Dennison, looking in the direction which the officer indicated. "That's Dan Patterson, and he is trying to signal some message to us. Is there nobody here who can answer him and take his message?"

"Who's Dan Patterson, and how does he know how to signal so well?" inquired the lieutenant.

"He was in the signal corps during the war with Spain, Mr. Officer," said Miss Dennison, recognizing him as the one who had so kindly greeted them on their arrival. "He is a neighbor from our home and must have a message for us."

"Well, we'll see what he has to say, if you desire," said the lieutenant; and drawing a handkerchief from his pocket he replied quickly to Dan's signals, for it was indeed Dan Patterson who was frantically signaling to the departing vessel.

The handkerchiefs moved back and forth, up and down, right and left, and left and right, and it seemed to the young women that the conversation would never cease. But they held their peace, for they realized that an interruption might prevent accuracy in understanding the words which were being sent in this mysterious fashion.

"He says," remarked the lieutenant as the mysterious movements ended, "to tell Miss Dennison to look out for Wallace Addison, the counterfeiter and Spanish spy; that he has learned that Addison is not dead, but has revisited his castle and counterfeiting den, and that he has reason to believe that he has taken passage on this steamer for the Philippines."

"Then I was right," said Miss Dennison, "in thinking that I saw him pass our stateroom a half-hour ago."

As she said this the sound of a pistol shot rang out from some part of the vessel, apparently below the deck on which they stood, and she saw Dan fall backward into the arms of a policeman who stood near him. She screamed with fear, then everything grew dark about her, and she fell fainting to the deck.

CHAPTER III

When Miss Dennison returned to consciousness she found herself in her own stateroom, with Miss Saxton bending anxiously over her and bathing her forehead and temples.

"Where am I?" she said, staring about her. "What is the matter? Oh, yes, I remember." And she closed her eyes again, as if to shut out the recollection of the tragic event. "I remember! Oh, Dan! Dan! why did you come to New York? Oh, Fannie, I must go on shore and take care of Dan!" and she struggled to her feet and staggered toward the door.

"No, no, Sallie," said her companion, restraining her. "Stay here in your room and rest. You have had a terrible shock and you must remain quiet. Besides, the vessel is now far out at sea, and you could not go on shore, even if you were well enough."

"Did it go and leave Dan wounded and perhaps dying there among strangers? Oh, Fannie, how could they be so cruel? And is this vessel going on without an attempt to arrest that villain Wallace

Addison? I know it was Wallace Addison who fired that shot; I am sure of it."

"The police officers came on board the vessel," replied Miss Saxton, "and made a search, but could get no information. They made careful inquiry, and the officers of the vessel helped them in every way. They questioned the men in every part of the ship except those who were working in the engine room, far down in the hold of the vessel, and could find nobody who saw the shot fired. I am sure they made every possible effort, and the officers of the vessel tell me that they will continue the inquiry, and if they find the guilty man before they land, will have him put in irons."

"But what about Dan? The search for his assassin will not help or care for him."

"The police officers who came on board said he would have every care and attention. They could not tell how badly he was hurt, but they said he had been sent to the hospital and would have the best of care. I gave them the address of Mr. Gordon, his foster father, and of my own father, too, and wrote telegrams for them to send to each. The lieutenant who stood beside us and signaled with Dan seemed very much interested, and asked me all about Dan and about Mr. Addison, and I told him what you told me, omitting of course that part which related

to your own father; and he arranged with the police officer to send a cablegram to Port Said, the first place that this vessel will touch, letting us know about Dan's condition."

"Oh, thank you, Fannie, thank you so much! How very kind and thoughtful it was in you to do all of these things for me! But it will be such a long time to wait, for Port Said is a great distance away. We have to cross the Atlantic and then go nearly the entire length of the Mediterranean before we get there. How can I wait all that time to know whether Dan is living or dead? But I shall be busy, for I shall question every man on this vessel, and I believe I shall find somebody who saw Wallace Addison fire that shot."

Miss Dennison was right in her assertion. The voyage to Port Said would be a long one. For two long weeks the gallant vessel moved toward the rising sun, across the great Atlantic, passing through the narrow straits with the frowning walls of Gibraltar on the left and the quaint Oriental city of Tangier with its gleaming white walls on the right; she still moved eastwardly through the blue waters and beneath the azure skies of the Mediterranean. During the first few days Miss Dennison was unable to leave her room; then a comfortable place was made for her on the deck, and day after day she

sat watching the dashing waves or the group of gulls which followed the vessel almost constantly from the moment it neared the Azores Islands and during its entire tour of the Mediterranean; for these birds venture long distances at sea and follow eagerly in the wake of vessels, picking up the bits of food and refuse which they leave in their trail. Finally she gained strength enough to walk about the ship, and then she penetrated its various decks and sections, talking quietly with the men employed in duties of all sorts and searching for the information she desired regarding the shot which had been fired at Dan; but without success. The officers on board the vessel, understanding her anxiety and desiring also to perform every duty, instituted careful inquiries, but were equally unsuccessful.

Miss Dennison's explorations of the ship had a double purpose, for she hoped not only to find a witness to the firing of the shot, but to encounter Wallace Addison, and thus at least confirm her belief that he was really living and on board the ship from which the shot had been fired. She carefully noted the faces as she passed among the thousands of strangers on the ship, for these great ocean vessels are capable of carrying as many as three thousand persons; but her search was in vain.

But the longest of voyages come to an end, and one bright morning, just two weeks after the vessel had left New York, Miss Dennison and her companion were awakened by strange sounds which seemed to come from just beneath the little window of their stateroom, and glancing out they saw about them a large number of ships swinging at anchor. It was apparent, too, that their own vessel was at rest, or at least moving slowly, for the steady rumbling and churning sounds from the machinery below them, which had been continuous day and night for the entire two weeks, were no longer heard, and the ship seemed to be gliding quietly among the other vessels and soon ceased to move. Then there was a rattling of great chains and a sound of the big anchor plunging into the water. But the strange sounds which seemed like the chatter of a cageful of monkeys grew louder and seemed nearer and nearer, and peering from the little window Miss Dennison saw a long rowboat filled with men moving directly toward the vessel. As it came still nearer the babel of voices increased, but in the midst of it all she could not recognize a single word, and as it turned full into view she saw that the score or more of men in the boat were dressed in the garb which she had frequently see in pictures of Oriental life. Their heads were wrapped in long strips of

white or gayly colored cloths, their bodies were scantily clad in white, and in many cases the upper part of the body to the waist was devoid of covering and showed at every movement the tense muscles of the men as they pulled at the oars and sent the boat speeding through the water.

"Why, we must be at Port Said, Fannie," said Miss Dennison with awakened interest. "Here are ships all about us, and the strangest-looking people you ever saw. Let us hurry to dress and get up on the deck, for perhaps we may get the cablegram telling us about Dan."

The scene when they reached the deck of the vessel was a new and novel one to them. Native boys, with their brown skins gleaming in the tropical sunlight, were gamboling in the water beside the vessel, shouting to the passengers and asking them by gestures to throw pennies into the water, after which they promptly dived, catching them before they reached the bottom and depositing them in their mouths and clamoring for more. Curiously shaped rowboats, differing from any that they had ever seen, were gathering round the vessel, their owners shouting and gesticulating in the hope of gathering in a few piasters by rowing a passenger ashore. Barges laden with coal were being drawn alongside the ship, and the turbaned natives were stripping themselves

to the waist in preparation for the work of transferring the contents of the barges to the hold of the vessel. On the deck of the ship an East Indian juggler was performing his sleight of hand to an admiring group of observers, and bowing his thanks for the shower of coins which followed his performance. The tropical sun, even at that hour of the morning, was beginning to make his power apparent, and the air was close and hot now that the vessel was no longer in motion; but the natives, with their thick turbans and scant garments, seemed entirely oblivious of the burning sun, and applied themselves vigorously to the labors of the day without reference to the heat, which had already set in motion the fans of the ladies from the climate of a temperate zone.

"I hope you ladies will take advantage of this opportunity to make a short visit to Cairo," said Lieutenant Baxter, as he saluted Miss Dennison and Miss Saxton. "The vessel will remain here twenty-four or more hours, and as I have some business in Cairo I shall be glad to escort you to that city if you care to go. You ought not to pass that interesting place without a glimpse of its strange people and a few of the wonderful things which it contains. Of course there is enough in Cairo alone to take your time for a month, but even a day there will be of great interest to you."

"But we had hoped to have a cablegram here about Dan—I mean Mr. Patterson," said Miss Dennison, blushing as she found herself speaking thus familiarly of her old friend to a stranger.

"Yes, I hope so, too," said the lieutenant, "but the cablegram will not arrive until to-night or to-morrow, for we have arrived twenty-four hours ahead of our scheduled time, and so we cannot expect it to-day. Even if it should come, it would be at once forwarded to me at Cairo, and you will see it there. So you had better take the opportunity to see Cairo, for I assure you that you will not regret the effort or the small expense of the trip to that city."

So it was agreed that they should go. In a half-hour they were ready, each equipped with a traveling bag, for the lieutenant had promised them that they should remain in Cairo a second day if his dispatches from the ship should warrant it.

"But how are we going to get ashore?" inquired Miss Dennison. "Isn't the ship to go up alongside the dock?"

"No," said the lieutenant, "the water at the shore is not deep enough. You will find almost everywhere in the East that the vessels have to lie out in the deep water, sending their freight on shore in barges and the people in rowboats.

As he said this, a bevy of boats manned by half-

clad, shouting natives had gathered about the ship, each man screaming in a language quite strange to them, and pointing to his boat to call attention to its special merits. They clambered slowly down the long line of steps which had been let down beside the vessel, and with sundry screams and starts managed to take their places in one of the rowboats. Then there was a halt, for the boatman demanded an additional fare because of the hand baggage carried by the ladies, but the lieutenant soon made it clear that they would not be imposed upon. A few minutes later they were on shore, and were followed from the landing by a crowd of Arab boys, who urged their services as guides and interpreters and porters with that persistency which only the Egyptian Arab can maintain.

A waiting vehicle drawn by two diminutive ponies whirled them through a cloud of dust to the station, the crowd of boys and men running alongside shouting and scrambling for the opportunity to carry their baggage to the train, and they were quite glad when they found themselves stepping on board the car.

"What a funny little box!" said Miss Saxton, as they took their places in the car. "It is not at all like the cars in our country."

The little compartment which they entered was barely large enough to seat six persons, facing each

other, on comfortably cushioned seats extending along either side of the space which was completely cut off from the remainder of the car. The lieutenant explained that there were a half-dozen or more of these tiny compartments in each car, and that this form of car was that used on nearly all the railways of Europe.

In a few moments they found themselves moving rapidly out of the little town of Port Said, and looking from the windows they saw nothing but sand as far as the eye could reach.

"We are now in the desert," explained the lieutenant, "and we shall have an hour or more of this before we reach the section which can support life."

"What is that object that I see in the distance," said Miss Dennison; "it looks like a lake with trees and houses around it. Is it an oasis?"

"That," said the lieutenant, "is the mirage. There is no lake there, no water of any kind, or trees, or houses—nothing but sand."

And so it was, for it moved on and on as they traveled toward it, ever retreating and finally disappearing.

In an hour they were in the midst of cultivated fields. People in dark skins and white costumes, their heads protected by heavy turbans, were driving their donkeys or camels in the fields or along the

dusty roads; others laid themselves down by the roadside in the blazing sun, making no effort to find shade, and were enjoying their midday nap. At other places they saw a patient ox moving round and round, turning a wheel which lifted water from the river or canals to the surface of the ground, where it ran in little ditches between the lines of growing grain, irrigating the land and assuring a plentiful crop. The houses were little structures, made of sun-dried bricks, with a low flat roof surrounded by a railing, so that it might be safely used as a sleeping place in the hot nights when life within would be almost unendurable. The fields were being cultivated with rude wooden plows drawn by slowly moving oxen with curiously shaped bodies and broad horns curving inward and downward.

"Why," said Miss Saxton, "it is just like the pictures in father's Bible, which represent the people of Egypt thousands of years ago."

"Yes," replied the lieutenant, "the method of daily life has scarcely changed among the common people here in thousands of years. They see the modern methods of the people who come here from other parts of the world, they make the acquaintance of the railroad and the methods and comforts of our civilization, yet they cling persistently to their own ways of life."

The sights from the windows of the train were so interesting that they were quite surprised when they found themselves arriving at Cairo, and were again surrounded by a horde of men and boys in white clothing and black skins, shouting, scrambling, and trying to seize their luggage; but a few well-directed words and gestures by the lieutenant in his uniform scattered them.

"You must have a dragoman," said the lieutenant, "for you have many places to visit and little time to spare."

"A dragoman?" said Miss Saxton. "What's that—something to eat?"

"No," said the lieutenant, with a smile, "merely another name for a guide and interpreter."

So one of the bowing and smiling black men, with well-developed muscles and a fair knowledge of English, was engaged to give the entire day to the young ladies.

"You must take them to the Mosque el Hasan, which was built long before the discovery of America, and to the great new mosque," said the lieutenant; "you must show them the museum with its mummies of the kings five thousand years old; you must take them to the citadel and to the tombs of the Mamelukes and to the Pyramids, and give them a glimpse of the great hotels."

"All in one day?" asked Ibraham, raising his hands in astonishment, for he had introduced himself as "Ibraham Izar Obul el Ahmed."

"All in one day," said the lieutenant coolly. "How much, Ibraham?"

"Three hundred and fifty piasters," said Ibraham solemnly, "very least that I can do for."

"No, no," said the lieutenant. "Come, ladies, we will find another dragoman." And he turned away as if to go.

But Ibraham was persistent, as the lieutenant expected, and after much bargaining an agreement was made for sixty piasters, a sum slightly less than three dollars, which included the use of two donkeys and donkey boys for the entire trip through the city, the camel fare at the Pyramids, the fees to the attendants at the mosques and the various places visited, and the services of Ibraham.

Then the donkeys were selected from the collection at hand—two diminutive beasts which seemed little larger than good-sized goats, and led by scantily dressed lads—and after much protestation from the ladies that riding upon them would be quite impossible, the lieutenant had the satisfaction of seeing them in the saddles and the donkeys moving briskly away, each followed by a donkey boy who applied the whip vigorously, urging the little animal into a

steady, rapid gallop. Ibraham ran ahead, shouting to the crowds of natives who filled the streets and urging them to make way for the foreigners.

For awhile the young ladies were obliged to occupy their entire attention in the task of retaining their seats, clinging with sundry screams to the rude saddles upon which they rode. As they gradually grew accustomed to the pace of the donkeys, they were able to give some attention to the strange sights about them. Everywhere the streets were densely crowded with men of all colors and costumes, hurrying back and forth in the middle of the streets, the narrow sidewalk being usually occupied by the wares of the merchants, whose little shops fronted upon it. Many of the people were of light skins with blue eyes and dark hair, and they usually wore the Turkish fez, a red cap with a tassel at the top, and their costumes were somewhat similar to those of Americans and Europeans. They were the Turks and their descendants, the governing class, for Egypt is, nominally at least, a dependency of Turkey. Others, with dark-brown skins, wore a picturesque turban and a flowing white robe held about the waist by a girdle of some bright color. They were the Egyptians, descendants of the people who have occupied the lower Nile valley for many centuries. Still others, with intensely black skins but finely devel-

EGYPTIAN OBELISKS.

oped figures, strode proudly along, carrying their burdens with an air of conscious pride in their physical strength. They were the natives of the upper Nile region and the oases of the desert.

In a few minutes they found themselves arriving at the Mosque. In front of it was gathered a large number of people, all gazing upward and looking in the same direction the young ladies saw a man clothed in white standing on a balcony overlooking the people.

"The muezzin," said Ibraham; "he is about to call the faithful to prayer." And as he said this the cry of the muezzin came floating down to them: "*La ilala ill Allah!*" In a moment every man and woman about them had bowed to the ground and was engaged in solemn prayer. Arriving at the door of the Mosque, the ladies were told that they must remove their shoes before entering, but Ibraham finally compromised by obtaining some loose canvas slippers which were slipped over the shoes of the ladies, and they entered the Mosque, where they found the faithful bowing toward the east and repeating their prayers, while others, seated crosslegged upon the carpets, were also repeating their prayers in loud tones and bowing until their foreheads touched the floor on which they sat.

From the Mosque they took their way to the great

citadel, built long before America was discovered from stones taken from the Pyramids, then thousands of years old, and from its walls they obtained a magnificent view of the city which lay in the valley below. Then came a hurried visit to the museum and the mummies of the Egyptian kings of thousands of years ago, and from here they took their way to the electric car, which was to carry them to the Pyramids a dozen miles distant.

On their way they encountered many women clad in black robes, their faces concealed by a black veil which extended upward to the eyes—a custom which prevails with a large proportion of the women of the East. As they passed through the narrow street which leads to the electric railway, they met long trains of camels coming in from the desert, laden with products of the oases for the markets of Cairo. Arriving at the Pyramids, they mounted upon camels for which Ibraham bargained with many long and painful protests that the price which he had to pay would entirely ruin him and destroy the profits of the day. It was difficult to realize as they looked upon these enormous structures, made of huge stones which would require the strength of hundreds of men to place in position, that they had existed for five thousand years. But they had little time for reflection, for the approach of the sun toward the horizon

warned them that the day was about to close, and the heads of the patient camels were turned toward the Sphinx, which still refused, as he had done for thousands of years, to tell the story of his existence.

The lights of the busy city of Cairo were burning brightly as they reached the railway station and found Lieutenant Baxter awaiting them.

"We must take the next train for Port Said," he said; "the ship will leave in the morning."

In a few hours they had arrived again at Port Said. An orderly met the lieutenant at the train and handed him a cablegram, which he quickly tore open and read aloud:

"Patterson had close call, but is recovering, and will leave for home to-morrow."

"Thank God," said Miss Dennison; "and thank you, Lieutenant Baxter, for your kindness in getting us this good news." And her tears flowed silently as they took the little carriage drawn by the same diminutive ponies for the landing.

"And now, ladies," said the lieutenant, "I shall put you on board this boat and instruct the boatman to take you to the ship, for I must give my attention to business on shore here until the vessel is ready to sail. This man is quite reliable, and I

am sure you will have no trouble about reaching the ship."

They took their places in the little boat, and, tired as they were with the activities of the day, were absorbed in the scenes around them until their boat swung against the landing stage of a great steamer. The boatman dropped his oars as though at the end of his trip. As he did so, however, a man standing in the darkness at the foot of the steps shouted roughly to him, and pointing to another vessel a hundred feet away spoke a few words which were not understood by the young women. The boatman, staring in a confused way at the ship, followed the instruction of the man, who spoke in tones of sharp authority, and in a moment their baggage was tossed on board the ship to which he had pointed, and they were both assisted up the steps which led from the water to the deck, and which to their untrained eyes appeared the same by which they had reached the boat in the early morning.

As they reached the deck the steps were drawn up, the anchor chain rattled, the propellers began to move, and the lights of the harbor began to disappear.

"Why, I believe the vessel is moving already," said Miss Dennison. "How fortunate that we got on board as we did!" And, sinking into convenient

seats, the exhausted young women sat silently watching the strange panorama which was passing before them. Then the banks of the Suez Canal were dimly outlined on either side, the lights of Port Said grew more distant and dim, and there was darkness.

"Come, Sallie," said Miss Saxton. "Let us go to our stateroom. We have had quite enough of interesting and exciting experiences for one day."

But they were destined to encounter one more surprising and exciting incident, for when they arrived at the door of the stateroom bearing the familiar number they found it occupied with baggage and belongings not their own, but bearing unfamiliar names and addressed to Singapore.

"You have evidently made a mistake, ladies," said an officer who was passing. "This is No. 124."

"Yes," said Miss Dennison; "and we have occupied No. 124 all the way from New York."

"From New York?" said the officer, speaking with a decided English accent. "From New York? Oh, dear, there must be some mistake! This vessel did not come from New York. It is an English vessel bound from London to Bombay. You were evidently put on this ship by mistake instead of the government vessel from New York, which lay just alongside of us and looked quite like our ship."

"But can't we go on shore and go back to our own vessel?" asked Miss Dennison in alarm.

"Quite impossible, miss," was the reply. "This ship is sailing under strict orders, and will not make land again until it reaches Bombay."

"The work of Wallace Addison," said Miss Dennison, turning to her companion. "It was Wallace Addison's words that sent our boatman to this ship. The voice affected me strangely when I heard it, but exhausted as I was I did not for the moment recognize it, as I do now that I have seen its meaning."

CHAPTER IV

The appearance of the two young ladies on the British steamer *Baboo*, bound for Bombay, caused a momentary flurry among certain persons on board that good ship. True, the matter of a couple of passengers more or less was no serious affair to the officials of a steamer capable of carrying a sufficient number of persons to populate a good-sized village; but it happened that there had been on board that ship a couple of young ladies who were unwittingly left behind when the steamer pulled up her anchor and so unceremoniously sailed out of the harbor of Port Said. These two ladies had been placed in charge of an officer of the steamer on his departure from London with the explanation that they desired to make a quick voyage to Singapore to meet some members of their family who would arrive at that place on a certain day, and as there was no steamer leaving direct for Singapore, it had been planned that they should go by the *Baboo* to Bombay, take rail thence across India to Calcutta,

and there catch a certain steamer leaving for Singapore, due to arrive at that place on the appointed date. These ladies had gone on shore at Port Said in the morning of that eventful day with the understanding that they would return in the early evening, and the officer, whose duties were numerous and pressing, had given orders that the vessel should hoist anchor and sail the moment they put foot on the deck; and his subordinates, seeing Miss Dennison and Miss Saxton clamber on board soon after the appointed hour, assumed that their arrival was the signal for departure and acted accordingly.

It was an awkward dilemma for the young subordinate. The ship had waited beyond her appointed time for leaving Port Said to permit the return of the two ladies, and now that he knew that they were not on board he was puzzled as to his duty in the matter. It was quite out of the question to ask the captain to return to Port Said to await further instructions or institute search for the missing passengers; and there was really no obligation for him to do so, for they had delayed their return beyond the hour fixed for the departure of the vessel. Yet he felt a certain obligation with reference to them, and now that he found that they were not on board the ship, he took hurried counsel with himself as to his duty in the matter.

"It is really a very awkward affair," he said to Miss Dennison, whom he had interviewed when the news of the curious exchange of passengers reached him. "The ladies who occupied this room had barely time to make the trip to Singapore by the Bombay-Calcutta route, and now that they have missed this ship and are left among strangers at Port Said I don't know what they will do; and as for keeping their engagement at Singapore, of course it will be quite out of the question. I don't see how it was that they failed to get here anyway, for I impressed upon them the fact that we must leave promptly at the hour named, and they assured me that they would return in ample time."

"Perhaps they met with some accident which has delayed them," said Miss Dennison. "I remember hearing two ladies talking as they were taking another boat, just when we were getting our baggage at Port Said, and I heard one of them say that they had been delayed by a misunderstanding of their guide, and that they must hurry or they would not catch their ship. I remember, too, seeing them some distance ahead of us as we were being rowed out among the ships, and that a man who looked like their boatman was just pulling his empty boat away from the ship at which we first stopped and which I supposed was our American steamer."

"That probably explains it," said the officer. "Did one of them wear a big yellow hat with a white veil?"

"Precisely," said Miss Dennison; "and her companion wore a gray traveling suit and a hat with ribbons to match."

"Perhaps," said the officer. "That's too much for me, but I remember the yellow hat with the white veil."

"And I remember seeing the yellow hat and the gray traveling suit passing up the steps of the vessel which we thought was our own, but from which we were sent to this one," said Miss Saxton.

"That's about the size of it, then," said Assistant-Purser Cathcart, for he had introduced himself as the assistant purser of the *Baboo*. "That's about the size of it. I'll bet that these two English girls went on board your American vessel and did not discover their mistake until after the ship had sailed; for really the two ships have a very similar appearance, even to the trained eye of the sailor, and must be even more so to the landsman."

"But what are we going to do about it?" said Miss Dennison. "It is all very well to philosophize about how it happened, but what we want to know is how it can be remedied."

"That is a pretty serious problem," said the pur-

ser. "How far were you going by the vessel you were on?"

"To the Philippines," said both the young ladies, answering at once. "We are going there as school-teachers, and were to have gone all the way on the ship on which we sailed from New York. Our vessel was to stop over a day or two at Colombo, Ceylon, and arrive at Singapore about August 10th."

"By George, I have it!" said the purser excitedly. "That's the very date that the ladies who were with us expected to reach Singapore if they went by way of Bombay and Calcutta. I have a plan, and one that will work out all right if everything goes smoothly. I'll send a telegram from the next canal station to the purser of your ship, telling him to take the ladies through to Singapore with him, and we will take you with us to Bombay, put you on board the train for Calcutta, where you will take the same steamer on which the other ladies had engaged passage, and arrive at Singapore as soon as they do."

"But suppose we should be a day or even a few hours late in arriving there," said Miss Dennison. "If so, we should miss our steamer and be left there indefinitely."

"Well," said the purser with a smile, "you have missed your steamer already, it seems to me, and I see no other way than for you to race across the

Arabian Sea to Bombay, across India by land, and across the Bay of Bengal to Singapore, and take your chances on catching her. However, your chances are pretty good, for the monsoons are on now and the American ship will make pretty slow time going from Aden to Colombo."

"The monsoons!" said Miss Saxton nervously. "Oh, dear, what shall we do? I'm afraid we shall all go to the bottom of the ocean."

"Oh," said the purser, "don't worry about the monsoons. They are merely a strong, steady wind blowing towards the shores of India. Monsoons are not serious, but just wait until you get into a typhoon. Then look out."

"But about the trip across India and that by steamer from Calcutta," said Miss Dennison. "I'm afraid that will be too expensive for us. You see, we are just plain country school-teachers, and the trip through India will be more than we can afford."

"Not at all," said the purser. "The ladies who occupied this room left their through tickets with me, for they didn't want to carry them on shore; and they will be quite willing to give them up to you if they get through transportation on your vessel to Singapore. Indeed, I heard them say that they preferred going via Colombo, because they had already been in India but had never been in Ceylon, and

I am sure they will welcome the exchange, especially as your vessel is to stop there a day or two. I'll go and send a telegram right away, for we are nearing a telegraph station on the bank of the canal, and we'll get an answer at Suez, the little town at the southern end of the canal, or at Aden, at the southern end of the Red Sea. Meantime I'll send the steward to put the stateroom in order and take charge of the belongings of the other ladies, and you can take their baggage right through with you and deliver it to them at Singapore. You must make yourselves at home here, and I'll see that you are properly cared for when you get to Bombay."

There was nothing for the young ladies to do but to accept the situation. They could not leave the vessel, which was moving as rapidly as the rules of the canal would permit, and even if they were to do so, there was no reason to suppose that they could intercept their own ship when she might come along a few hours later. So they took possession of the stateroom, which Miss Saxton declared was so like the one on their own vessel that she felt quite at home in it.

"How lucky that we had our handbags with us!" said Miss Dennison. "Their contents will help us out until we arrive at Bombay, and if we can't get any fresh clothing of our own sort there, we can

dress like the East Indians until we get to Singapore and meet our own ship again."

The breakfast gong aroused them early the next morning, and as they stepped from the stateroom they met the purser, whose face was wreathed in smiles.

"It is all right," he said, as he produced a telegram. "This message from my friend, the purser on your vessel, says that the ladies came on board that ship thinking it was their own, and did not discover their mistake until after we had left. They were still consulting as to what they should do when he received my telegram, and they were only too glad to make the arrangement to go to Singapore by that vessel, especially as they wanted to stop a day or two at Colombo, which they could not have done if they had remained with us."

So the young ladies settled down for the long voyage down the Red Sea and across the Indian Ocean. The passage through the Red Sea was very uncomfortable, for the heat was intense; but the obliging purser supplied them with an electric fan in their stateroom, which somewhat reduced the discomfort. Then they passed the little British fortress of Aden, which seemed like a white sentry box perched upon the rocks that overlook the southern entrance to the Red Sea, and passed out into that arm of the Indian

Ocean known as the Arabian Sea, where they found a strong, steady wind blowing from the southwest, which, they were informed, was the monsoon.

"You see," said the purser, "the heat in India and the desert country at the north is very great at this time of the year, and the air being heated rises, and the air from the ocean rushes in to take its place. That is what causes this strong wind toward India. And it is a good thing for that country, for it gives it plenty of rain, especially in the western part of India. The air over the ocean is full of moisture, due to the rapid evaporation of the water by reason of the great heat, and as the current of air reaches the western coast of India, it comes in contact with the mountains along the western coast and is forced upward and meets the cooler air of the mountain tops. The coolness condenses the moisture in the air, and it falls in the form of rain, cooling the air and giving a water supply for agriculture.

At the end of a week they saw the beautiful city of Bombay, with its temples and towers and many handsome structures rising before them. As they neared the water front of the city, which the purser explained was known as the "Bund," the vessel stopped, and the medical officers came on board to examine the passengers and see if there were any contagious diseases among them.

"You will have this experience wherever you go on shipboard," explained the purser; "but it is not a matter for any anxiety. The doctors will just stand you up in line with all the other people on board and feel your pulse, and then it will all be over."

In a few minutes they were on the little steam launch which carried them to the docks. Then there was an informal examination of their baggage, and, after being asked the usual question as to whether it contained any tobacco or spirits, to which the young ladies replied with an indignant negative, it was seized by one of the crowd of waiting porters.

"Take it to the *gerry*," said the purser, "and tell the *gerry wallah* to wait until I come. Now if you ladies will just follow this man and take a seat in the *gerry*, I'll be with you soon; but don't let the *gerry wallah* go until I get there."

"The *gerry*?" said Miss Dennison. "I don't know what a *gerry* is or a *gerry wallah*."

"Oh, no, of course you don't," said the purser with a laugh. "I forget that you are not acquainted in India. Well, the *gerry* is the name of the carriage which will take you to the railway station, and the *wallah* is the driver."

As they took their seats in the little low carriage drawn by small ponies, they found themselves surrounded by a throng of men and women with dark

skins, the men wearing white turbans and a curious costume—loose white garments reaching from the shoulders to the thighs, while a long piece of white cloth fastened about the waist fell halfway to the feet, and, drawn between the legs and knotted at the waist, formed a loose covering for the legs to the knees, below which the slender legs and feet were without covering. They grouped themselves about the carriage, speaking in a language which the ladies did not understand, gesticulating, and apparently offering their services in various capacities.

"These people," said the purser, coming up a few minutes later, "want to know if you would like to employ them. This woman in the white costume is an *ayah,* or maidservant, and that garment which falls so gracefully from her shoulder across her breast is the *sarong,* of which you have doubtless read. This man in the white turban and loose trousers is a *dhobie,* or washerman, and wants to know if you desire any laundry work done. This woman with the earthenware jar on her head is a milkmaid, and would like the privilege of serving goat's milk to you if you desire it, or perhaps the milk of the buffalo, or the sacred cow."

But there was no time to obtain the services of *ayahs* or *dhobies,* much as they might be desired, and the little carriage whirled them off to the railway

station. As they passed through the streets, they encountered many sights that were new and strange to them. Long lines of carts were being drawn along the streets by oxen having each a curious hump at the shoulders, the yokes fastened with stout ropes to their horns.

"Why, these oxen look just like the sacred ox which we saw in the zoölogical park," said Miss Saxton.

"That's just what they are," said the purser. "Nearly all the cattle in India are of the type which you see shown in the zoölogical gardens and labeled 'sacred cow' or 'sacred ox.' The Hindoo religion looks upon them as sacred, especially the white ones, but that does not prevent the use of most of them as work animals."

As they passed through the streets they saw many people, evidently Europeans, riding in handsome carriages, with drivers in strange costumes on the box, and, perched on a step at the rear, another servant, holding in his hand a stick with a brush of long hair at the end. As the carriage prepared to halt, this footman sprang nimbly from his perch, ran alongside the horse, and as he stopped remained standing at his head, swinging the brush vigorously to drive away the flies which gather in great numbers about the animals.

WASH-DAY IN THE ORIENT.

"These white people whom you see here," said the purser, "are English officers and their families. India is, you know, an English colony, and about 100,000 white people live here in India; some of them are English officers sent out to administer the government, some are the families of the officers, and others are English or other Europeans engaged in trade here; for India is a great commercial country now that the English have built 30,000 miles of railway and 150,000 miles of roads for the development of the country."

As they passed from the English section into that part of the city occupied by the natives, they found a marked change. The handsome, modern structures which lined the "Bund," or embankment along the water front, were no longer seen, but in their places were low, flat buildings with little shops fronting upon narrow sidewalks, while the street was crowded with natives in white costumes, passing in all directions and filling the street so completely that it was only with great difficulty that the carriage made its way among them. The driver shouted constantly in an unknown tongue, cracking his whip loudly and gesticulating to those who gave attention, sometimes halting to prevent running over a group of women and children, sometimes administering a sharp cut of the lash to some venturesome cooly who doggedly

plodded on with his burden, giving no heed to the claims of the vehicle to right of way in the roadway.

"These people," explained the purser, "don't mind being run over. Indeed, they sometimes watch their opportunities to fall under the wheels of the carriages of the people of wealth, believing that they will be able to get money from them as a compensation for their injuries."

Plunging further into the native section of the city they encountered more peculiarities of Oriental life. Groups of comfortable-looking cows and dignified goats lay in the shady spots upon the sidewalks, while the natives walked in the blazing sun in the middle of the street. At intervals they saw Mohammedan mosques, with people bowing in the open space at the front or prostrating themselves before their shrines. At other places there were Buddhist temples, in which the religious ceremonies are performed chiefly by the priests.

"This place which we are now passing, with the high wall about it," said the purser, "is a burning *ghat*. Here the Hindoo dead are disposed of by burning. The body is laid on a heap of dry wood, and more wood is piled on top of it, and then the nearest relative applies the torch and the body is consumed. Millions of dead are disposed of in this manner, but whenever it is possible the relatives

gather the ashes of the body and place them in a small receptacle for the purpose of sending them to be thrown into the sacred river, the Ganges."

"What a strange and terrible custom!" said Miss Dennison.

"Yes, but not nearly so strange as that which is practiced on that hill overlooking the city. If you will look carefully at the top of that hill, you will see several white towers rising among the trees. These are called the 'towers of silence,' and are the places in which the Parsees place their dead to be eaten by vultures. The Parsees were originally Persians, who, driven out of their country by persecution, came to Bombay to live hundreds of years ago, and their descendants have become a very intelligent and valuable element of the population here. They are merchants and bankers, and many of them have great wealth and are very public-spirited citizens, taking great pride in the fact that no Parsee is ever seen asking charity. But they cling to that strange custom of the disposal of their dead, a custom which they follow wherever they are found in the Orient, from Persia to China."

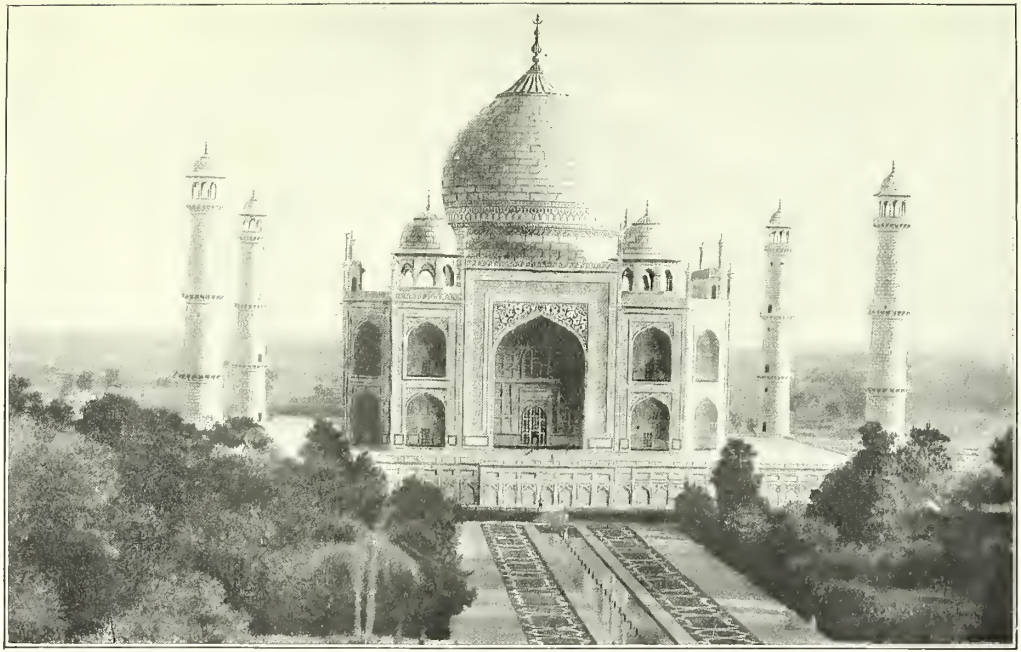
As he said this, their *gerry* stopped in front of a large and handsome structure, built in the Italian Gothic style, with fine arcades and a lofty dome.

"This," said the purser, "is the railway station

of the road which will take you to Calcutta. It is one of the finest railway stations in the world, and cost about $1,500,000. We will go to the booking office and arrange about your train. But before we go we must get some of your money changed into the kind which they use here." And he stopped at an office set aside for that purpose, and soon the ladies were provided with a quantity of Indian currency.

"This coin," said the purser, exhibiting a silver coin about the size of an American half-dollar, "is the rupee. Its value is about thirty-three cents and it is the standard currency here, just as the dollar is the standard in the United States. The rupee is divided into smaller silver coins. Sixteen annas equal one rupee, so that one anna is equal to about two cents of American money; and this is again subdivided into copper coins called 'pice,' each of which is equal to about one-half of one cent; while a still smaller copper coin, called the 'pie,' is equal to about one-sixth of one cent."

In an hour the young ladies found themselves in a compartment of the train which was leaving for Calcutta. Their traveling companions consisted of two intelligent English ladies, who were glad to find in these two American girls an opportunity to talk of America and its people and life, and the trip across India, although usually an extremely disagree-



THE TAJ MAHAL.

able one in summer, passed quickly to Miss Dennison and her companion. The sights from the windows of the train were always interesting, with their views of the dense population, for India, although but one half the size of the United States, has a population of 300,000,000. The stops at Delhi and Agra and Lahore and Lucknow were of such length as to permit a hurried drive, with their English companions, among the beautiful buildings and a glimpse of the Taj Mahal at Agra and the wonderful structures of the other cities, which repaid them for the discomforts of the long hours occupied in the trip, while the country people, with their elephants and buffaloes and other domestic animals, differing from those to which the young ladies were accustomed, were subjects of constant interest.

On the morning of the second day their train arrived in Calcutta, and the door of their railway carriage was opened by a smiling official in uniform, who inquired for Miss Dennison and Miss Saxton.

"I am the assistant purser of the steamer *Rajah*," he said, "and we are to sail for Singapore in just one hour. I received a telegram from my friend, the assistant purser of the *Baboo*, telling me about you and asking me to meet you here."

There was a hurried rush for the *gerry*, a hasty drive through the streets of Calcutta, in which the

scenes of their drive through Bombay were repeated with variations, and in an hour they were on board the *Rajah,* whose propellers began to revolve, and soon the city passed from view and India was a memory.

Six days later they found their steamer threading its way among a succession of tropical islands, and as it swung round a sharp promontory a beautiful city nestling in a great tropical forest suddenly came into view, the hills in the background covered with fresh spring-like verdure, the harbor filled with steamers and sailing vessels and rowboats of curious pattern, and the broad streets crowded with busy, hurrying people in strange and varied costumes.

"Singapore," said the purser, who passed near where the two young ladies were standing.

"Singapore?" said Miss Dennison. "Can it be possible that such a beautiful and inviting place as this is Singapore, almost under the equator? But where is our steamer? I do not see the American flag among all these vessels lying in the harbor."

"No," said the purser; "I'm sorry to have to tell you that your steamer has beaten us by a few hours and is now on its way to China and the Philippines. I just saw it with my glass, turning round the point and heading toward the China Sea."

CHAPTER V

The consternation of the two young American girls, when they found that their vessel had departed, can better be imagined than described.

"What shall we do, Sallie?" said Miss Saxton. "Here we are at Singapore, on the opposite side of the globe from our own home, at the very equator, with not a friend or acquaintance in this strange city, or within ten thousand miles."

"I do not know, Fannie," said Miss Dennison. "But we must do something. Suppose we go and see if we can find the people who took our places on our own steamer and whose places we took on the way through India. We have been traveling with their baggage so long it seems as though we were acquainted with them. Perhaps the purser will advise us how to find them."

"That will be easy," said the purser when he was consulted. "The baggage of the young women whose place you took on the trip from Port Said was addressed to the Raffles Hotel in Singapore, and you

will doubtless find them there. I'll just go ashore with you and get you a couple of 'rickshaws, and you can go right up to the hotel and find them."

In a few minutes they were on the dock and the purser had called a couple of half-clad, dark-skinned men, who came running at his call, each one pulling a curious vehicle which looked exactly like an overgrown baby carriage.

"Now just get in," said the purser, pointing to the big baby carriages, "and these men will have you at the hotel in a few minutes."

"What!" gasped Miss Dennison. "Get into these things to be drawn by men?"

"Certainly," said the purser with a smile. "It is the chief method of travel in this part of the world, and you will have to get used to it soon. You might as well begin at once. You see," he said, pointing to the line of jinrikishas passing, "that it is quite the fashion."

And so it was, for in the stream of these curious vehicles which flowed along the crowded street were all classes of people—officers in uniforms, merchants in white business suits and cork helmets, daintily dressed ladies with fresh English complexions, prosperous-looking Chinamen, and gorgeously dressed East Indians—riding contentedly along the crowded street, drawn by men dressed in loose coats and short

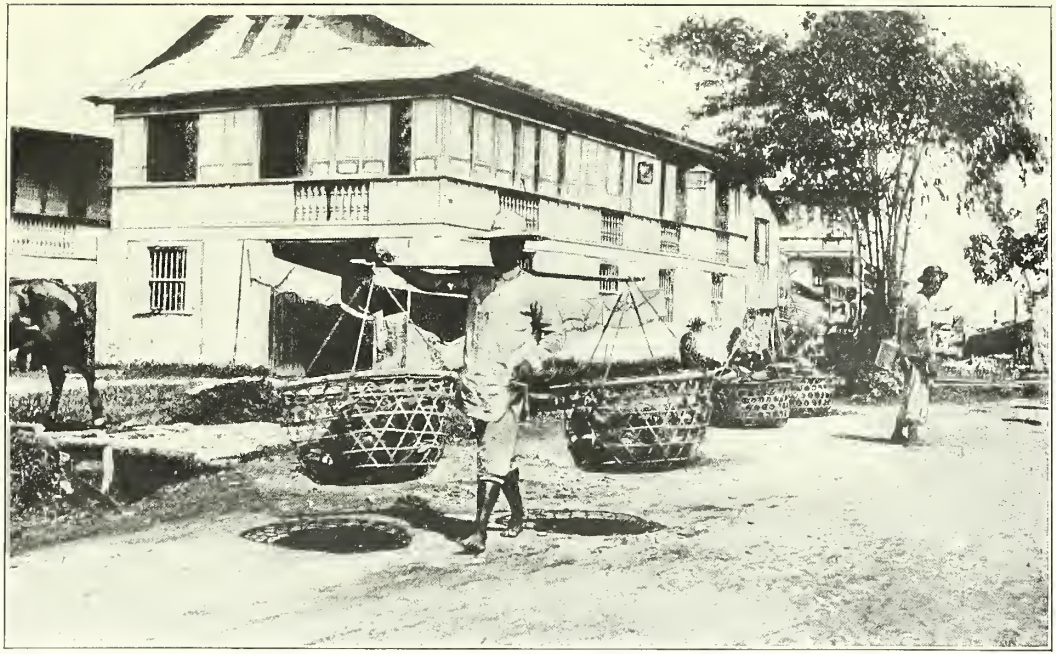
trousers, their bare legs showing well-developed muscles through the brown skin, and their heads protected by broad hats of umbrella size and shape.

"It seems so queer, Sallie," said Miss Saxton, clambering into the vehicle which had been assigned to her, "to have a man for your horse and no reins to drive with, either. How are we going to guide them?"

"Just tell them where you want to go and they will do the rest," said the purser as the men placed themselves between the shafts of the vehicles. "They can understand you, for this is an English colony, you know, and most of the business people speak the English language."

In a few moments they were on a broad street lined with trees which they recognized as palms and bamboos, while the great bunches of bananas which hung from others suggested their variety. The men who pulled their 'rickshaws dashed into the line of rapidly moving vehicles, and taking a steady trot moved with the current of strangely costumed humanity. Here was a man with skin as black as a coal, his head surmounted by a huge white turban, sitting with folded arms and dignified attitude in a carriage drawn by a handsome team, the driver clad in a striking uniform of white trimmed with red and yellow, while the footman in similar costume, perched

at the rear, jumped nimbly from his place and ran alongside the horse at intervals as the crowd grew more dense. Curious little box-shaped vehicles each drawn by a diminutive pony hurried through the crowd, the driver sitting on the shaft just at the rear of the pony and plying the whip as they went, while through the latticed windows of one of the vehicles Sallie caught sight of a richly dressed Chinaman lolling comfortably back in his seat. In a jinrikisha drawn by two uniformed men and followed by a runner a high official of the colony was riding from his home to his day's duties. At intervals along the street stood tall, military-looking policemen with dark skins, their bushy beards parted in the middle and rolled tightly along the side of the face, their heads surmounted by turbans of alternate red and brown. The pullers of the jinrikishas ran steadily with the moving throng, wiping the perspiration from their faces, shouting hoarsely to those about them, and forcing their way among the mass of men and vehicles that crowded the street. So interested were the young ladies in the strange sights about them that they were quite surprised when they found their vehicles stopping and a stout, brown-skinned man in gray uniform and impressive whiskers stood bowing at their side, pronouncing the name of the hotel and assisting them to alight.



TRANSPORTATION METHODS IN THE ORIENT.

"Only ten cents each, ladies," he said in very good English, as he saw the ladies hesitate as to what they should pay the patient 'rickshaw pullers.

"But these men have been running a half-hour," said Miss Saxton; "surely they ought to be paid more than ten cents each for that long run."

"That is the regular price, madam; ten cents for a half-hour—but wait a moment, please, I see that it is American money which you are offering them. Your money is worth about double that which is used here, and so you need pay them but five cents each, for five cents American is equal to ten cents Mex. You see," he added, "the silver money in circulation here is either Mexican dollars or other silver dollars of about the same value. So everything is calculated in Mexican money, or 'Mex,' as it is called here. The Mexican silver dollar, you know, came into use in China a couple of hundred years ago, when there was a great trade between Mexico and the Philippine Islands, both of which were then controlled by Spain, and it became an accepted currency, not only in China, but all along the eastern coast of Asia. Then the British Government, seeing that a coin of that size and appearance was acceptable among the natives, and that there was not money enough for the business, coined a lot of silver dollars for its colonies in this part of the world, and as these silver dollars are

about the same in value and general appearance as those of Mexico, they are all spoken of as 'Mexican,' which has been contracted to 'Mex,' and you will hear prices quoted to you everywhere in 'Mex' currency. By the way, you should get some of your American money exchanged for 'Mex,' for it is much more convenient here; the money changer who sits at that desk yonder will change it for you."

The yellow-skinned money changer salamed as the ladies approached his desk, and looking at the two ten-dollar bills which they laid down before him turned to a little wooden frame about the size of an ordinary school slate. This supported a series of parallel wires on each of which were strung a lot of wooden disks, like beads on a string. He pushed these wooden disks back and forth rapidly for a moment.

"Twenty-one dollars, forty-seven cents for each ten-dollar bill," he said, passing out a stack of silver dollars to each.

"But I thought we got only two for one," said Miss Dennison. "You are giving us more than that."

"Yes," he said; "the price of silver is low to-day, and so you get more than two silver dollars for one American dollar. Last month it was high, and I could only give one dollar and ninety cents in silver

for one American dollar. You see I have to watch the price of silver every day, and almost every hour, and make my exchanges entirely in accordance with that price. The banks get telegrams from London every day, telling the price of silver, and I get it from them and so know what the rate of exchange is."

In a few moments the young ladies were seated in the parlor of the hotel and their cards had been sent to the Misses Willoughby, for whom they had been by such a curious chance exchanged at Port Said.

As they took their seats in the parlor, a brown-faced attendant clad in a snowy-white costume and huge yellow turban rushed quickly to the door shouting "*Punka-wallah! Punka-wallah!*"

"I wonder what he means by 'punky wally,'" said Miss Saxton nervously. "I hope the house isn't on fire!"

"No, miss," said the attendant, who had overheard and understood her. "I only called the boy to pull this *punka.*" And he pointed to several long poles suspended from the ceiling, from each of which hung broad strips of heavy cloth. "This boy came from India, and in his country the boy who pulls the *punka* is called '*punka-wallah.*'"

In a moment the scantily clad East Indian youth had made his appearance, and seizing a cord which

was attached to each of the series of poles pulled it vigorously, and in a moment the half-dozen poles were swinging backward and forward in unison, the broad strips of heavy cloth suspended from them acting as a series of great fans and setting the air of the room in motion. This proved most grateful to the young women, who had begun to realize that the heat of the sun at the equator is quite different from that to which they had been accustomed.

"I remember seeing these things swinging from the ceilings of some of the buildings we passed in Bombay and Calcutta," said Miss Dennison, "but I didn't have an opportunity to ask——"

"Miss Dennison and Miss Saxton," said a voice beside them, and the two young girls turned to find themselves face to face with two young women whose complexions, as well as the accent of the already spoken words, suggested that they were English.

"We are so glad to meet you," said one of them, extending a hand to each, "for it seems as though we know you after having occupied your room on the American vessel so long."

"And so it seems to us about yourselves," said Miss Dennison, extending her hand in response; "for we occupied your room on the steamer to Bombay and traveled on your tickets all through India and from Calcutta to this place. But we are greatly

disappointed that we did not get here in time to catch our own steamer, for I don't know how in the world we are to get to the Philippines now that our ship has gone without us."

"We shall have to see what can be done about that," said the other of the sisters, who had not yet spoken. "We urged the captain of your ship to wait, but he could get no word as to the location of the ship you were on, as the wireless telegraph has not yet come into use on vessels in this part of the world, and so he did not feel justified in waiting. But we have talked it over with our father whom we met here, and have a plan which may put you in Manila without serious delay."

As she said this, a tall ruddy-faced man clad in a costume of spotless white, with brass buttons and shoulder straps, entered the room and was quickly introduced as Captain Willoughby.

"We are certainly under obligations to you for looking after the luggage of my daughters and bringing it safely here on the very day of their arrival," he said; "for it has arrived in perfect order. My daughters had desired to visit Ceylon, and the exchange of places gave them an opportunity to do so, however unintentional it may have been on the part of either."

"An exchange which gave us an opportunity to

visit Bombay and Calcutta, and to see something of the people and interior of India," said Miss Dennison; "all of which would have been quite satisfactory if it had not resulted in leaving us alone here among strangers, ten thousand miles from home." And her voice trembled as she spoke, and she burst into tears, for this adverse culmination of the long period of anxiety which had continued during the three weeks' voyage from Port Said to Singapore was more than she could bear with composure.

"Yes," said the captain, "it does doubtless seem pretty serious to you, but we have a plan by which I think we can put you into Manila about as quickly and comfortably as if you had caught your own vessel. You see, I am captain of a ship which is to leave here to-morrow for our British colony in the Island of Borneo. Now that part of the island to which we are going is only a very short distance from the southern end of the Philippine group. My daughters are going with me to Borneo, and if you will be their guests on my steamer I shall see that you get safely from there to Manila in some way. I am acquainted with the captains of several of the vessels which run from Manila to the southern islands of the Philippine group, and will arrange with some of them to take you to your destination. We may be able to find a government vessel at Jolo, which is but a

short distance from our port of Sandakan in North Borneo, to which we are going. You see, we English and Americans are pretty near neighbors, even on this side of the globe, for the most southerly of your Philippine Islands are almost in sight of the northern part of our territory in Borneo; and if you will trust yourselves in our hands we shall see you safely on board of some vessel for Manila, and you may arrive there before the steamer on which you left New York."

"But how about those horrible Moros of whom we have heard so much in the United States?" said Miss Saxton. "That's the very part of the islands where they live."

"Oh, you need not be alarmed about them," said the captain with a laugh. "You will not be in the slightest danger from them; I will guarantee that."

"Then I think we had better accept your kind offer to accompany your daughters to North Borneo, and your own promise to see us safely on a steamer there for Manila," said Miss Dennison.

"Good!" said the captain; "I am glad that my daughters will have your company. We shall leave this hotel in an hour for our vessel, and be ready to sail in the morning. You will find a stateroom ready for you and your luggage in it; for I took the liberty of asking the captain of your steamer to

leave it for you when we found that the steamer would leave before your arrival. A matter of a couple of weeks on shipboard and you will be in Manila."

"Two weeks more of travel on the ocean," said Miss Saxton. "We have already had nearly a month on the ocean—two weeks from New York to the entrance of the Suez Canal, three days on the canal and the Red Sea, five or six days across that arm of the Indian Ocean between the Red Sea and the western coast of India, and six days more on that other part of the same ocean which lies between Calcutta and Singapore. I never realized that the oceans were so large or so much of the globe covered with water, even though geographies do tell us that only about one fourth of the world's surface is land."

"Yes," said the captain, "and a good thing it is for the people who live on land that there is plenty of ocean. It furnishes the means of exchange of the products of one country to another, and, indeed, furnishes the products themselves."

"Why do you say that it furnishes the products?" asked Miss Dennison.

"Because," he replied, "without the water from the oceans the land would be unproductive."

"But the rains furnish the water for the land, don't they?" said Miss Saxton.

"Yes; but where do the rains come from? From the ocean. The water evaporated from the oceans of the world is absorbed by the air, and when condensed falls again in the form of rain. Part of it runs back into the ocean at once, another part is absorbed by the thirsty ground and forms the millions of springs which supply the rivers, and this in turn comes back to the sea again, carrying the salt and other materials which it has washed out of the ground. When it is again turned into vapor and ascends into the air, it leaves in the ocean the salt and other materials which it has carried there and descends on the land as pure water, purifying the atmosphere and rendering the land productive. Without the great bodies of water on the surface of the globe there could be no rain and no production from the land. The life of man and beast is dependent upon it, for, besides making the earth productive, it makes the atmosphere fit to sustain life. We should scarcely be able to live here at this spot, almost on the equator, but for the tempering effects of the air from the ocean, which sweeps over the land, carrying the moisture which falls in frequent showers, and gives this beautiful, fresh verdure which you see on every hand."

"You spoke of the salt being carried from the land to the sea. Do you mean that the salt which

is found everywhere in the ocean has been carried from the land?" asked Miss Dennison.

"Yes. The water has been washing the land for ages, passing in the form of vapor from the ocean to the land, falling in the form of rain, collecting small particles of salt and other materials as it passes through the soil and disintegrates the rocks, carrying them into the ocean, dissolved in the water. When the water evaporates again it leaves the salt in the ocean and passes in the form of vapor again to the land, and after it falls in the form of rain again returns charged with the minerals which it has dissolved in its contact with the soil and rocks. This has gone on for ages, until the water of the ocean now contains about three parts of salt to every one hundred parts of water; so that we may say that salt forms about three per cent of the liquid on which we shall to-morrow set out for Borneo."

When the young ladies awoke the next morning, they found their vessel slowly moving out of the harbor of Singapore. There were the same strange sights which they had witnessed at every stopping place, the mass of craft of all sorts and varieties, some of them the homes of the natives who furnish the labor element of the daily life of Singapore, some of them belonging to men engaged in fishing or in transportation, and on either side of the vessel were

little rowboats from which naked boys sprang into the water and swam about, clamoring for an opportunity to dive for coins which the passengers might throw them. The harbor was quickly passed, the streets and buildings and spires of the city faded from sight, and the beautiful green hills which surrounded them were only a memory.

After a few moments more the sky became overcast and huge masses of dark clouds appeared in the horizon. The young ladies sat watching the flying fish that rose from the water at the bow of the vessel and sailed gracefully away on either side, touching the crests of the waves as they went and obtaining new impetus from their contact with them, when a man in the uniform of a subordinate officer stepped beside the captain, who stood near, and saluting him, said: "I'm sorry to tell you, sir, that the glass is falling rapidly, and we seem to be heading straight into a typhoon."

"A typhoon, Sallie," whispered Miss Saxton. "Do you remember what they said to us on the Red Sea? 'Don't worry about the monsoons, but look out for the typhoons when you get into the China Sea!'"

CHAPTER VI

Those who have encountered these great revolving wind storms which are known in the China Sea as the "typhoon," will not be surprised that the announcement of the approach of such a storm brought anxiety to the minds of the captain and his crew and terror to those of his passengers. These storms are known under different titles in many parts of the world. On the east coast of South America they are called "papagallos," at the Cape of Good Hope "trovados," among the Philippine Islands "baguios," on the Atlantic "hurricanes," along the coast of China "taifung," in the Caribbean Sea "orican," on the Senegal coast "tornados," on the deserts of Africa and Arabia "simoons," and in the United States "cyclones."

The revolving wind storm, by whatever name known, is more powerful and more dangerous than any other form of atmospheric disturbance. The movement of the air which surrounds our planet is, under normal conditions, one of the most interesting and beautiful of the phenomena of nature. Spread-

ing itself over the surface of the earth and extending upward a distance of several miles, it completely envelops the globe, touching every part of its surface. But while resting upon the revolving sphere and participating largely in the eastward movement of its surface, it is never at rest. That part over the equatorial regions, being more directly and constantly heated by the sun, expands and rises. This upward movement of the air covering that section of the globe causes a partial vacuum, and the air from either side rushes in to fill it and to take the place of the air which moved upward, while that still farther at the north or south moves forward to fill the partial vacuum thus created, and this goes on until the air from the polar regions has moved toward and finally reached the equator, to be in its turn heated and forced upward. Now, on the other hand, the heated air which rises above the equatorial regions moves toward the poles to fill the partial vacuum due to the movement from the arctics toward the equator. This gives a constant circulatory movement of air between the tropics and the arctics: toward the equator along the surface of the earth, and from the equator again at a distance of perhaps two or three miles above the earth's surface.

All this would be simple and regular but for certain other and somewhat conflicting conditions. The

surface of the earth at the equator is constantly moving toward the east at the rate of 1,050 miles per hour. While the air which rests on its surface partakes in a large degree of this rapid eastward movement of that surface which it touches, it does not move with quite the same rapidity toward the east as does the earth's surface. Hence, to those living on the surface of the earth, as man is, and traveling with its surface toward the east at the rate of 1,050 miles per hour, the air, which moves less rapidly, seems to be blowing toward the west. Hence there is in the equatorial regions, under normal conditions, a steady flow of air along the surface of the earth toward the west.

But there are still other complications even in the comparatively regular movement of the air at the earth's surface. The eastward movement of the surface of the earth is less rapid at a considerable distance north or south of the equator; at sixty degrees of latitude, for example, it is about 520 miles per hour, instead of 1,050 miles per hour at the equator, and at the poles there is no eastward movement. So the air which moves from the north or south toward the equator finds the earth's surface beneath it moving more and more rapidly toward the east as it draws nearer and nearer to the equator; and being unable to accommodate itself to all of that increasing

eastward motion, it seems to those on the earth's surface to flow somewhat to the west as it continues to move toward the equator. Hence the currents of air flowing from the poles toward the equator seem to those on the earth's surface in the northern hemisphere to move toward the southwest, and to those in the southern hemisphere to move to the northwest. This condition causes the regular southwest currents of air in the northern hemisphere and northwest currents in the southern hemisphere, known on the ocean as the "trade winds." On the other hand, the heated air rising from the equator partakes largely of the rapid eastward movement of the earth's surface, and, as it moves toward the poles, finds itself traveling toward the east more rapidly than those slow-moving portions of the earth's surface at a distance from the equator, which travel to the east at a much less rate of speed than that part from which it received its eastward impetus—the equatorial regions. As a result, this upper stratum of air, when cooled and falling again to the earth's surface at about the fiftieth or sixtieth degree of latitude, finds itself traveling toward the east more rapidly than the earth's surface at that point; and hence, to those living on the earth's surface, it seems to flow to the east as well as toward the poles, forming another set of trade winds with a northeast move-

ment in the northern hemisphere and a southeast movement in the southern hemisphere.

Even these somewhat complex movements would not prove serious in their effect on man if they were not further complicated and absolutely disarranged by various disturbing conditions. In certain parts of the earth the land surface becomes intensely heated, as in the deserts of Africa and Asia; and the air of these spots, rising rapidly, creates a partial vacuum which must be filled from the surrounding sections of the globe. And here begins the abnormal movement of smaller bodies of air in directions differing from those already described. These currents of air, moving in somewhat different directions, strike against other currents and are deflected; and coming in contact with the mountain ranges of the continents are forced still farther to the right or left, and finally become the revolving storms known as the "typhoons," "baguios," "papagallos," "hurricanes," "simoons," "tornadoes," or "cyclones." The diameter of this whirlwind thus created by the contending forces of nature is perhaps a few yards, perhaps a few miles, perhaps 50 or 100, or even 200 or 300 miles, or even more.

In the center of this great whirlwind there is a calm, but in the circle in which the winds move, the rate of speed which they attain is very great. Even

on the land, where their movement is obstructed by forests and hills and mountains, the rate at which they blow is from 20 to 50 miles per hour, or as fast as a train of cars will travel; while on the ocean, where they meet with no obstruction, their speed sometimes reaches 75 or 100 miles per hour, and perhaps more. The waves are lashed into fury and run not only mountain high, but seem to boil about the vessel, and breaking against its sides dash in torrents across its decks, sweeping everything before them and sometimes making a plaything of the vessel itself. The black clouds which accompany the storm obscure the sun or stars and render navigation more difficult, and the torrents of water which fall from them, coupled with the constant flashes of lightning, the roar of the wind and waves, and the force of the gale itself, add to the confusion and terror of the scene and to the difficulty of managing the vessel.

In less time than it has taken to tell the nature of the typhoon, it began to make itself felt upon the vessel on which Miss Dennison and Miss Saxton had taken passage. The sky became dark; fragments of white clouds floating far above them moved rapidly, as though driven by a fierce wind, now scattering as if torn by some invisible hand, now joining again in masses and rushing toward the distant horizon. Gusts of wind dashed down upon the sea, which

an hour earlier was as smooth as a mill pond, driving the water into white-capped waves which dashed against the side of the vessel, scattering the spray across its decks and sending the passengers to cover. Thick masses of black clouds seemed, lighted up at intervals by brilliant flashes of lightning, to bear down upon them, while the wind, which had come in gusts at first, strengthened into a gale, the seas were lashed into foam, and the waves, dashing over the side of the ship, swept in torrents across the deck. The crew, composed of barefooted natives of India and the Malayan Peninsula, were hurrying to and fro, lashing every movable object to the masts or railings.

"You must go below, ladies," said the captain, as he hurried past them. "It is not safe for you to remain here. These gusts of wind and the rocking of the vessel might throw you against the railing, and the waves, which are beginning to sweep the deck, will soon make it impossible for you to stay here."

"But surely, captain, you are not going on in the midst of this awful storm," said Miss Saxton. "Why don't you turn round and go back to the shore?"

"The very worst thing that we could do, miss," said the captain with a smile. "I am glad that we have gotten well away from the land before encoun-

tering this gale, for the shore is the most dangerous place for a vessel in such a storm, unless she is within a safe harbor. In this deep water we are free from danger of being driven on the rocks, and all we have to do is to face the storm and keep our vessel well in hand. I hope we may be able to avoid the worst part of it, but we cannot run away from it, and to attempt to make the shore would be fatal."

The young ladies obeyed his injunction, and leaving the decks made their way as best they could toward the cabin to which they had been assigned. They were none too soon, for, as they left their places on the deck, a tremendous wave dashed against the side of the vessel and, sweeping across the deck, tore the movable articles from their places and swept them into the sea. As they entered their cabin they found that the ports, or " windows," as Miss Saxton insisted upon calling them, had been closed and securely fastened, and the waves were dashing over them, shutting out the light at intervals. The rolling of the vessel grew more pronounced each moment, and soon their baggage began to slide from one side of the room to the other, as the vessel rolled from side to side or mounted upon some huge wave. The heat within was intense and the air, saturated with moisture, was stifling. The young ladies clung, trembling, to whatever they might find to prevent them-

selves joining the baggage in wild trips across the room in obedience to the motions of the vessel.

Gradually they became accustomed to the rolling of the ship, and when the gong sounded for dinner they ventured to make their way to the dining saloon. They found the tables covered with curious wooden racks, placed in position to prevent the dishes from sliding from their places as the vessel rolled from side to side. But even this precaution was insufficient, and, as the ship gave an unusually heavy roll, the saltcellars leaped from their places and joined in a mad race across the table, glasses clashed against each other with a crashing sound, and the plates before them seemed to deliberately rise on edge and deposited their contents into the laps of the young ladies as they sat at the table. Oranges and other fruits leaped to the floor and raced up and down the dining room. The *punkas* which hung above the table swung furiously, as if pulled by the invisible hand of some enraged *punka-wallah*, and the great bell on the upper deck tolled unceasingly as the ever-recurring waves and blasts threw the vessel from side to side.

Dining under such circumstances was, of course, quite an impossibility, and a retreat from the dining saloon was scarcely less difficult. By clinging to tables and chairs which had been fastened to the

floor, and seizing favorable opportunities for short runs from one stationary object to another, they finally reached their cabin.

The night was one of terror. The constant rolling of the ship, the roar of the winds, the furious dashing of the waves, which seemed at times as though they would force their way through the thick plates of glass by which the ports were covered, the rush of water at intervals across the deck over their heads, the sharp flashes of lightning followed by crashes of thunder which seemed to make the vessel tremble at every joint, the creaking of the timbers, the hoarse shouting of the officers as they gave orders to the crew whose hurrying footsteps could be heard upon the decks or in the passageways, were sufficient to appall the stoutest heart, while to these two young girls, alone among strangers and unaccustomed to the sea, they were terrifying beyond expression. They could only fall upon their knees and lift their hearts to God in prayer for protection. Then, with renewed confidence, they waited, counting the "bells," which in their long voyage they had learned to recognize as the measure of time, and pale, red-eyed, and weary welcomed at last the gray light of the morning.

The return of day seemed to have no effect in reducing the violence of the storm. Indeed, it ap-

peared to take new strength as the daylight increased, and to welcome the opportunity to display its power to the observers. The exhausted young women, suffering from the close air of their cabin, clambered slowly to the apartment known in nautical terms as the "ladies' saloon," but which Miss Saxton had insisted upon calling the "parlor," and from its tightly closed windows gazed upon the scene of destruction about them. Every movable object had been swept from the deck, masts and spars were broken and dangling helplessly, the ropes which had held them in position were twisted and tangled, and among these the members of the crew ran backward and forward, carrying out the orders of their superior officers, who struggled to hold the ship in her proper position in the face of the storm. Suddenly a huge wave struck the side of the ship with the sound of a cannon, a flood of water dashed over the deck, and Miss Saxton screamed as she saw two of the men carried overboard into the boiling sea.

"Come, Sallie," she said, turning from the window; "come away, I can't endure this awful sight."

As she said this there was an exclamation of surprise, and Miss Dennison, seizing her by the arm, pointed through the window at a dark mass half concealed by the storm, but above it the fragments of a red, white, and blue banner.

"Our ship," she said in an excited tone; "our own ship battling with the storm just as we are, and coming nearer to us every moment."

She was right. It was an American ship, the very one on which they had started from New York, the ship from whose decks had been fired the shot aimed at the life of Daniel Patterson.

As they watched, fascinated by the awful spectacle, the ship swung closer, and they seemed to see a man standing at a partly protected point of the vessel, watching his opportunity to seek a spot of greater safety. Suddenly he started from his place and attempted to cross the deck of the rapidly rolling ship. As he did so a huge wave from the side opposite them dashed across the deck and swept him into the sea within what seemed but a few yards of their own vessel. As he fell, a vivid flash of lightning rendered plainly visible his upturned face.

Miss Dennison screamed loudly and covered her face with her hands. "That face!" she ejaculated. "That face! The face of Wallace Addison!"

Miss Saxton looked again, and as she did so she saw a life buoy with rope attached thrown into the sea in the direction of the struggling man. Then a sudden turn of their own vessel shut the scene from her gaze, and as she turned she found her companion lying unconscious at her feet.

CHAPTER VII

"The American flag, captain; I see the American flag on the shore yonder."

If the reader will examine a map of that archipelago known as the East Indian Islands, he will see lying due east of Singapore, from which place the luckless vessel described in the last chapter made its departure, the great island of Borneo, larger than Germany, Netherlands, Denmark, and Switzerland combined. If he will look carefully along the northeast shore he will see the little town of Sandakan, the capital of that section of the island known as British North Borneo. If he will look a little farther to the northeast he will see two tiny islets designated as Tawi Tawi and Jolo, mere dots in the ocean, but the beginning of a chain of islands which stretches northward nearly a thousand miles. These little dots just off the coast of Borneo are the southernmost islands of the Philippine group, and from that point northward to Manila and northern Luzon the American flag flies.

The town of Sandakan, on the northeast coast of Borneo, was the intended destination of the vessel on which Misses Dennison and Saxton had been invited to make the trip from Singapore. When it is understood that this long chain of Philippine Islands, ending with Jolo and Tawi Tawi, is being constantly patrolled by American vessels from Manila, carrying supplies to the military posts, agricultural experiment stations, exploring expeditions, and schools which have been established in the chain of islands, it will not be surprising that Captain Willoughby had expected to be able to place his guests on board some vessel which would carry them to Manila. Nor will it be surprising that after the buffetings of the storm, which left the sturdy vessel almost helpless and the captain anxious as to its fate, he found that he had been driven past his intended destination and that the port which opened before him just as the day ended was not Sandakan, but the American port of Jolo on the Jolo island.

"Yes, it is the American flag, Miss Dennison," said the captain in answer to her exclamation recorded at the beginning of this chapter. "It is the American flag and that is American soil which you see before you, the island of Jolo and the town of the same name. And I am right glad to see them, too, for although the harbor is not a very good one,

it will be a reasonably safe place to-night, for the storm is over, as you will see if you look at the western sky, where the sun is setting in a blaze of glory. We can get a rest here and take a look at our vessel. It is a pretty hard fight we have had with this typhoon, and I am not sorry to have a chance to get things in order, for I am not quite clear just how much longer we could have held out against it."

"But isn't this the terrible island that we have heard so much about, where the Sultan of Sulu lives and where the Moros have killed so many people and fought the Americans so terribly?"

"It is the same place, but you will be quite free from danger on the ship, or even on land; for it is only a few fanatics and men opposed to any sort of government who make these occasional outbreaks. You see, the people of these southern islands are quite different from those of the northern part of the group. They are Mohammedans and are bitterly opposed to government by Christians, though they are already coming to have a greater respect for the Americans than at first. They have found that outbreaks against the Americans are severely punished, but that coöperation with them gives beneficial results. It is chiefly the pirates who are opposed to governmental control, because it prevents their continuing their raids upon the small vessels which ven-

ture into these seas in trade between the islands. But what is this that I see coming out to meet us? It looks like a launch from that vessel which I see lying in the harbor."

"Yes, and it is flying the American flag, too," said Miss Saxton, clapping her hands with delight at the sight of the flag.

"Excuse me, captain," she said, with a blush; "I hope you will not think it rude in me to be delighted to see my own flag, even if you have been so kind to us in this strange land. You see, we have scarcely seen the American flag since we left New York, and it certainly does seem as though we were getting home again to see it flying on land and on these vessels in the harbor."

"No apologies are needed," said the captain with a smile. "I don't blame you for being pleased to see your own flag. I've known the time when I thought the British flag was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen, and I think all the more of you for having the same feelings about your own country and your flag."

The vessel made its way slowly into the little harbor, where it found itself quickly surrounded by long, narrow rowboats, barely wide enough to permit a person to sit in them; while long arms reaching out on each side and connected by poles which

touched the water prevented them from overturning. The boats were paddled by men with yellow skins, much lighter in color than those they had seen at Port Said and Cairo or at Bombay. They wore broad umbrella-shaped hats and baggy trousers, but in most cases nothing above the waist. Others, sitting or standing in the boats, wore the same kind of baggy trousers, with a jacket covering the shoulders and waist and a turban or Turkish fez on their heads.

"You see, many of these people are of Moorish descent," said the captain, "and have retained something of the costumes as well as the customs of the Moors and the Turks."

"Ship ahoy!" said a voice just at the side of the vessel, a voice which sounded strangely familiar to Miss Dennison and caused her to start quickly.

"Aye, aye," shouted the captain in response.

"Is this the British ship *Malaya*, bound from Singapore to Sandakan?" said the voice, which came from the handsome little launch which had approached the opposite side of the vessel from that on which the captain and the young ladies were standing.

"The very same," replied the captain.

"Have you on board two young ladies bound for Manila, Misses Dennison and Saxton?"

"Avast there, stranger!" shouted the captain; "you seem to be very inquisitive. Who are you, and by what authority are you asking so many questions?"

By this time the young ladies were in a high state of excitement, and each throwing an arm about the waist of the other waited anxiously for the reply.

"Excuse me," said the voice; 'I am the captain of the *West Virginia*, and I learned yesterday that these young ladies were on the way to Sandakan by the *Malaya*, and desired passage thence to Manila. I am ordered to offer them the privilege of making the trip on my vessel."

"That voice!" said Miss Dennison, rushing to the side of the vessel and craning her neck to get a view of the person speaking. "Certainly I know that voice."

In a moment a rope ladder had been dropped over the side of the vessel, and soon a broad-shouldered man clad in the white uniform of an American officer in the tropics was clambering up the ladder hand over hand.

"Henry Wilkins!" ejaculated Miss Dennison, springing forward as she saw his face emerge above the railing of the ship. "Henry Wilkins, is it not?"

"The same, at your service, Miss Dennison," said

the officer with a bow and extending his hand to meet that which Miss Dennison had extended to him.

"How strange that we should meet here so far from home, and how fortunate that you should be here ready to give us passage to Manila just as we arrive by the kindness of Captain Willoughby"; and, turning, she introduced the new arrival to the captain of the vessel and to Miss Saxton.

"You don't need to introduce me to Henry Wilkins," said Miss Saxton as she stepped forward, her face wreathed in smiles; "for we were children together before we came to live in that part of West Virginia which is your home."

"But how did you know that we were coming on this vessel and wanted to go to Manila?"

"I received a cablegram from Dan Patterson just before leaving Manila saying that you were on the way by a United States transport, and yesterday received a cablegram from Manila saying that the United States Consul at Singapore had cabled there that you had missed your steamer at that place and were taking this one for Sandakan, and when I saw this steamer coming in here I concluded that she had been driven out of her course by the typhoon and that it would not be necessary for me to go to Sandakan to meet you."

By this time darkness had set in, and it was de-

cided that the young ladies should remain on board of the *Malaya* until the next morning, and after a half hour of conversation about their strange experiences on the voyage, Captain Wilkins prepared to take his leave, promising to call for them the next morning.

"It seems so strange to see you in that uniform, Henry," said Miss Dennison as she bade him good night.

"And to call you captain, too," said Miss Saxton. "Are you a real captain, Henry?" she said timidly.

"Yes," said the young officer with a touch of pardonable pride; "a real captain. I've worked very hard since I came out here and made my way up through the various grades, and have been given charge of this new vessel, which I named the *West Virginia*, in honor of our own State. I've been up and down among these islands ever since I came here, and know every mile of the coast and many of the people. I'm going over to Maibun, on the other side of the island, to-morrow to pay an official visit to the Sultan of Sulu, and I hope you ladies will go with us. I should be pleased to have you, sir, accompany us also," he said, bowing to the captain of the *Malaya*.

So it was arranged that the two American girls

and the English captain and his daughters should accompany Captain Wilkins on his official visit the following day.

"I hope we shall not be in any danger from these terrible Moros, of whom we have read such horrible stories," said Miss Saxton, as she said good night to Captain Wilkins.

"Not the slightest," he replied, as he made his way down the ladder with the agility of an experienced sailor. "I am on excellent terms with His Excellency, the Sultan, and am carrying him his quarterly allowance from the government. Besides, we shall take a corps of marines, and shall be quite free from the possibility of danger."

Early the next morning they left the *Malaya*, and taking their places on the little steam launch in which Captain Wilkins called for them headed for the shore, wending their way among the curious little rowboats with which the harbor was filled.

"Many of these people are pearl fishers," said Captain Wilkins, as they passed among them. "There are excellent pearl fisheries near here. These people are out every day, and dive twenty-five, fifty, or even a hundred feet to get the oysters containing the pearls."

As they neared the shore they found that a part of the town was composed of houses built over the

water, supported on posts driven into the bottom of the shallow bay. The floors of the houses were of split bamboos, so laid as to leave a narrow opening between each, thus making house cleaning an easy task and permitting the cool air from the evaporating water below to permeate the house. At the same time the heavily thatched roofs of *cogon* grass resisted the heat of the sun, rendering them quite comfortable even in the hottest part of the day in that tropical climate. The space between the houses was covered by a flooring, forming a narrow street. Many of the people who inhabited these houses so much resembled Chinese that Miss Dennison remarked upon this fact.

"Some of them are Chinese," explained Captain Wilkins. "There are many Chinese merchants and traders in all these islands; they take wives from among the natives, and their children grow up with the characteristics of the Chinese."

As they landed on the beach they found it crowded with women and children, the women wearing loose trousers made of dark material and jackets of bright colors fitting tightly around their shoulders and arms. A long sash of white or of some bright color, known as the *sarong*, thrown over the shoulder fell in graceful folds across the breast, and was sometimes held in front of the face to conceal it, after the fashion

of the women of Turkey and Egypt; but in most cases no effort was made to conceal the face. Children of both sexes and of varying color, clad only in the garb which nature had given them, ran merrily about entirely unembarrassed by the absence of clothing. The few men who appeared wore tightly fitting trousers supported by a sash of some bright-colored material, through which there was thrust a huge knife or short sword with handle of ivory or silver, and scarcely a man was seen without the *barong* or *kris* or *bolo*, the favorite weapons of all natives in these southern islands.

A half hour later they were on the way to the residence of the Sultan of Sulu. "The trip will occupy at least two hours," said Captain Wilkins, "for although the distance is said to be but seven miles and a half, you will think it much more than that over the rough and mountainous road which we must follow."

But however long the distance, every minute was interesting to the two young American ladies, for they had seen little of tropical foliage and tropical people. Leaving the coast, they passed through large groves of tall palm trees loaded with cocoanuts, and as they halted from time to time the attendants, seizing the cocoanuts fresh from the tree, chopped off the top of each with a single blow of the *bolo*,

and with a bow presented one to each member of the party, who found that the water which they contained made a refreshing and strengthening draft. The first town they reached was Jolo. This they found surrounded by a stone wall, and some of the buildings inside the walls were also of stone, neatly whitewashed and covered with corrugated iron roofs. Most of the houses, however, were of bamboo, and the roofs were thatched with *nipa* or *cogon* leaves. *Nipa* is a small palm whose leaves are largely used for making the roofs of houses, and frequently also for making the outer walls and partitions. The *cogon* is a grass with a heavy, sharp-edged blade, and is also largely used for purposes similar to those described for *nipa*. The roofs of most of the native houses in the Philippine Islands are made of *nipa* or *cogon*, and in many cases the sides also are of that material, while in other cases the sides of the houses are of narrow strips of bamboo woven together, looking at a distance much like the Japanese straw matting which comes to the United States in such quantities. Nearly all of the houses are built on posts, with the lower floor several feet above the ground so as to admit a free circulation of air and to prevent the entrance into the houses of the noxious vapors from the ground in this tropical region.

As they passed out of the town of Jolo they ob-

served the ruins of what seemed to be a very ancient town.

"This," said Captain Wilkins, "is the ruins of the old town of Bowan, founded, it is said, in the year 1776."

"Why, the very year of American independence," said Miss Saxton. "Do you mean that these islands have been populated by white people as long as that?"

"Much longer," said the captain, "for the Spanish made their first permanent settlements in the Philippine Islands in 1570, or thirty-seven years earlier than the first permanent English settlement at Jamestown in the United States. In 1571 they took possession of Manila, then a village controlled by Moors, probably of the very same stock as the people now controlling this little island. So you see, the Spanish were permanently in the Philippines several years before the first permanent English settlement in America."

A three hours' drive among the tropical forests of the island brought them to the little town of Maibun, the home of the Sultan. On the way they passed numbers of houses of the natives, surrounded by small cultivated fields of sugar cane, sweet potatoes, and rice. As they neared the town the throng of natives increased, and Miss Dennison observed that

the captain noted with some apparent anxiety that many of the men were armed with the heavy knife known as the *barong*, and that others carried a double-edged short sword, known as the *kris*, while still others were armed with spears. He called the officer of the marines who were acting as a guard and gave him some orders in a low tone, looking with some anxiety at one of the wagons of their little cavalcade.

As they reached the residence of the Sultan they found it surrounded by a high wall of stones and earth, and above the entrance a tower for a watchman. Passing within, the captain sent one of his trusted men who spoke the native language to inform the Sultan of his arrival, and in a few minutes they were ushered into the "palace." They found it a low rambling building constructed of wood, with a roof of corrugated iron, and on ascending the stairs were shown into a large apartment furnished with a few chairs and benches, a sideboard, and an American writing desk. The room was lighted with kerosene lamps which hung from the ceiling.

In a few minutes the Sultan entered the apartment, followed by his train of attendants. The one who walked behind him carried a curious little brass box, which Captain Wilkins explained contained the betel nut, which all natives consider a necessity of

their daily and hourly existence, and which when chewed stains the teeth and lips a dark-red color. Each man of those who followed carried at his side a *barong* or *kris*. The Sultan took his place on a raised platform, and his followers arranged themselves about him. Each was dressed in tightly fitting trousers with a line of gold buttons along the outer side of the leg, supported by a sash of red, purple, or yellow. On the upper part of the body was a short jacket of white or some bright color with rows of gold buttons at the front, while the head was covered with a turban, some red, others yellow or brown. The Sultan's feet were incased in Turkish slippers, while most of his attendants were barefooted. The attendants ranged themselves about the Sultan, and the conversation between that dignitary and his guests was carried on through an interpreter. Servants approaching him crept humbly along the floor on bended knees. A group of men who stood near him were pointed out by the captain as the *dattoes*, or subordinate officers, who administer the government in the various provinces of the little island. They also wore the same tightly fitting trousers with rows of buttons down the leg, and coats of white or azure blue or red, but in most cases they were barefooted, those who possessed shoes having left them at the door in accordance with Oriental cus-

PALACE OF THE SULTAN OF SULU.

tom. Glancing from the windows, the young ladies saw several women of the household of the Sultan, dressed in costumes of bright colors, their faces white with powder, the lips painted a bright red.

The conversation between the captain and the Sultan was progressing satisfactorily, and the captain had just announced that he was the bearer of the quarterly allowance for the Sultan and the *dattoes*, when suddenly a great confusion was heard in the grounds outside the walls surrounding the palace. There was a shouting and the sound of footsteps, as if men were running, then a rifle shot followed by yells and volley after volley of shots.

"Your treasure wagon has been attacked by a band of robbers," said an officer, dashing into the palace and addressing Captain Wilkins. "They are rushing at the guard with their *barongs* and *krises* and throwing their spears, and the guard is fighting for life."

CHAPTER VIII

The attack upon the treasure wagon, recorded in the last chapter, was easily and quickly terminated. The attacking party was composed of a handful of lawless men who spend most of their time in piracy on the waters of the Sulu archipelago, and who, hearing that the Americans were visiting the Sultan to make the quarterly payment, chose this moment for a raid upon the treasure wagon. They had hoped that the absence of the commanding officer in the palace of the Sultan would give them special advantages in attacking the wagon train, and that the few men who performed the service of guards at the palace would also be so occupied with the formalities of the moment that they could by mere force of numbers overpower the guard and make off with the treasure before the general alarm could be given. But they had not correctly measured the power of the repeating rifle and the coolness and bravery of the American who stood behind it, and the body of native guards which the Sultan and his *dattoes* quickly sent to the

rescue only arrived in time to see the attacking party disappear in the thick tropical forest, carrying their wounded with them.

"What terrible people!" said Miss Saxton with a shudder, as the lieutenant of marines returned to the palace and reported the result. "I did not know that we were coming to a country where bands of robbers attacked people in open daylight in this way. If I had known there were such people in the Philippines I should not have dared to come here."

"Yes," said Captain Wilkins dryly, "it's almost as bad as it is in the United States. You know the robbers stop the railroad trains there, and not only rob the express cars of their treasure, but actually go through the cars with pistol in hand and compel the passengers to give up money and watches; and that sort of thing sometimes happens in the streets of the great cities."

"Oh, I don't think you should talk that way about our own country!" said Miss Saxton with burning cheeks. "Our English friends here will form a very poor opinion of us."

"Not at all, Miss Saxton," replied Captain Willoughby. "There are lawless people everywhere. We have them in our own country, as you have them in the United States, and you must expect to find them here in the Philippines in even larger propor-

tion, for these people have as yet made little progress in civilization. But they are learning lessons from the Americanos, and I am sure that the very work which you young ladies are about to enter upon will result in an improved condition of the younger generation, and through them upon those of more mature years."

A couple of hours later they were on their way back to Jolo, having been served before their departure with sundry cups of cocoa and a plentiful supply of native sweetmeats made of chocolate and native sugar. The young ladies glanced nervously about them during the first mile of the journey, fearing lest the attack might be renewed, but they were reassured by the presence of the military and the suggestion that the transfer of the treasure to the Sultan and *dattoes* before leaving had removed any possible cause for a renewal of the attack. They were accompanied for a considerable distance by the barefooted *dattoes*, each accompanied by a servant carrying an umbrella over the head of his master, while a crowd of natives of all ages and in all varieties of costume ran alongside their wagons chattering like monkeys.

Arriving at Jolo in the closing hours of the day, they were invited by Captain Wilkins on board his vessel, where a substantial American dinner was in

waiting for the entire party. Then the young ladies, who found that their baggage had during the day been transferred to the *West Virginia*, took an affectionate leave of their English friends, expressing again their thanks for their kind attentions and assistance, in which Captain Wilkins joined.

"I am truly sorry," said Captain Wilkins, "that our acquaintance must be so short on this occasion, for I must leave for Zamboanga at daylight to-morrow. I have some supplies to deliver there, and may be compelled to make a trip into the interior of the island. But I assure you that all of your courtesies to these young ladies are more than appreciated, and that I shall be pleased to return them, if it should ever be in my power to do so."

"It has been a pleasure to my daughters and myself to have these young ladies with us," said Captain Willoughby. We English and Americans are friends in whatever part of the world we may be, and it is gratifying to us to have you as such near neighbors on this side of the globe, for you can almost see our possessions in the island of Borneo from this American soil in Sulu. In fact, it is all one body of land, for the geologists say that the Philippine Islands are structurally connected with Borneo by an isthmus which is but a short distance below the surface of the sea."

The large island of Mindanao, lying just north of the tiny island of Jolo, is the most southerly island of considerable size in the long chain which composes the group known as the Philippines. It is slightly larger than the State of Indiana, its area being 37,250 square miles and its population about a half million, of which about one half are Mohammedans, or "Moros," a portion of the remainder being of the Christian faith and others belonging to various wild tribes. Many of the Mohammedans belong to what is known as the "wild tribes," having in such cases adopted but few of the customs of civilization, and living in a manner quite similar to that of the American Indians. On the southwestern end of the island is the town of Zamboanga, the destination of the little steamer on which the young ladies now took passage.

As the vessel left the harbor of Jolo it passed the banks where the pearl fishing was in progress. Each of the little boats carried a party of two or three men, who alternated in diving to the bottom in search of the species of oyster within whose shell the pearl is found. Each man, as he prepared to make the descent to the bottom, swung his arms wildly and uttered sundry yells and howls, which the captain informed his guests was the method which they adopted for frightening away the sharks, with which

the waters are infested. It was noted, however, that they did not depend altogether upon this process for protection from the sharks, for each carried with him in his descent a long keen knife, which he used to defend himself in case of attack. The descent was made by the aid of a heavy stone attached to a rope, and after remaining about one minute at the bottom the diver returned to the surface for breath, bearing in his hands such of the oysters as he could find during the brief stay at the bottom.

"Shall we see a different class of people when we get to Zamboanga?" asked Miss Dennison, as their vessel got under way and the captain found a respite from the duties of his office.

"You will find some of the Christian or civilized Filipinos there," said Captain Wilkins. "The people who inhabit all these islands are of Malay stock, and the term 'Moro,' which is applied to the people of Sulu, simply means that they are of the Mohammedan religion. The people of all these East Indian Islands, including Java, Sumatra, and Borneo, as well as the Philippines, are Malays, the same as those of the Malayan Peninsula, and you doubtless saw many Malays at Singapore. Java was conquered by the Hindoos, probably from India, over a thousand years ago, and Hindoo influence and religion extended into Borneo, and in some degree into

the Philippine Islands, shown by the many Sanskrit words found in the languages of these islands. They were followed, however, especially in Borneo and the Philippines, by the Arabs who came as Mohammedan missionaries about five or six hundred years ago. When the Spaniards came some three hundred and fifty years ago they found the Mohammedan religion not only in these southern islands, but as far north as Manila, and as they had been accustomed to call the Mohammedans 'Moors' in Spain, they called the Mohammedans of these islands 'Moros.' So, really, the Moros whom you have seen are most of them of the same general Malayan stock as those farther north, the principal difference being that those of the northern islands have been Christianized and, to a greater or less degree, civilized by the Spanish during the three hundred and fifty years of their control. They never fully succeeded in conquering the Moros or in introducing their religion or customs among them. Of the 7,500,000 people in the islands, about 7,000,000 have a considerable degree of civilization, and are adherents of the Christian faith, nearly all of the Catholic Church, while about a half million are classed as 'wild people,' of which number nearly one half are Moros, or Mohammedans, the remainder of the 'wild people' being of various tribes differing from one another in degree

of barbarism. Most of the Moros or Mohammedans are located in Tawi Tawi, Sulu, and parts of Mindanao."

When the young ladies awoke the next morning they found their vessel lying at a dock, and as they came on deck they found the little town of Zamboanga lying before them. It is an old Spanish town nearly two hundred years old, with a picturesque fort, a Catholic church, and a few stone houses roofed with corrugated iron; but most of the houses, other than those occupied by the officers and merchants, were of bamboo frames with thatched roofs and standing on high posts several feet above the ground, while the space below the floors was in many cases utilized by pigs, chickens, and goats.

Breakfast over, the captain found it necessary to give his personal attention to some official duties; but realizing the keen interest which the young ladies must feel in the sights so strange and new to them, and the benefit which would come to them from a ramble on shore after their weary weeks on board ship, he called one of his subordinate officers and directed him to accompany the ladies about the town.

"This young man," he explained to the ladies, "is well acquainted in Zamboanga, and is able to speak the Spanish language, which most of the natives in

the town and surrounding country use, and I suggest that you spend the morning seeing the town. The place is not a large one, but the people and their ways are so different from those you have been accustomed to that they will be quite interesting; when you have seen enough you can return and rest on board ship. There is a church, and a schoolhouse where there is an American teacher, and perhaps you would like to see how the school is being conducted, since you are to enter upon a work of this kind shortly."

As they left the vessel and passed to the town they found many strange sights at every hand. The long narrow street which formed the principal thoroughfare was crowded with people of many nationalities and varied costumes. There were Filipinos dressed in white trousers and shirts of varied colors, the shirt hanging loosely, as though the wearer had forgotten to tuck it inside his trousers; Chinamen in the peculiar garb which characterizes that nationality wherever seen, the head surmounted by hats of enormous width, which served as umbrellas for the body as well as a protection for the head; Moros wearing their tightly fitting trousers with rows of gold buttons up the sides, a girdle of some bright color about the waist, and a turban of many folds protecting the head from the rays of the sun; Spaniards in the garb

of ordinary business men in European or American countries; American soldiers in *khaki* uniforms, and other Americans in suits of snowy white; priests in long black tunics, with curious little flat hats covering their closely shaven heads; women dressed in dark skirts and gayly colored jackets with enormous sleeves which stood out at curious angles from the shoulders; old women marching stoically about smoking huge black cigars; and children clad only in the garb of nature and smoking cigarettes. Goats, pigs, and cattle roamed the streets and mingled with the crowds of people or busied themselves with browsing among the luxurious tropical foliage at every hand. Upon the streets were low carts loaded with merchandise of various sorts and pulled by big, slow-moving oxen with broad horns drooping beside their heads and forming a curious framework about the stolid-looking faces of the animals, which moved with the utmost deliberation, the dark-brown skin, almost devoid of hair, glistening in the sun; and, perched upon the broad back the driver urged the slow-moving beast with sundry kicks from his bare feet, which dangled at its sides. As the visitors reached a broad, shallow pool of water, fringed with overhanging trees whose luxurious foliage shaded the muddy waters, they found it occupied by a score of these huge animals wallowing in the water and mud, with only

their heads and horns visible, while the drivers sat patiently upon the carts from which the beasts had been detached.

"These," said the young officer, "are the *carabao*, of which you have doubtless read. They are the principal beasts of burden in the Philippine Islands, and are of very great service to the people. They pull the plow in the muddy rice field or haul their loads along the road, and perform all the duties for which we rely upon the horse in the United States. They are very slow, to be sure, but they endure this tropical climate well if they are given an opportunity to wallow in the mud and water occasionally, but become quite useless and unmanageable unless they are given this privilege. They are the reliance of the family, too, as you see by this group of people coming from the country with their supply of material for the market"; and he pointed to a small two-wheeled vehicle laden with fruits and vegetables and drawn by a huge *carabao*, upon whose back were perched a mother and two children, while the father trudged contentedly alongside, his freshly starched shirt hanging to his knees and fluttering in the breeze as he passed.

Then they heard the sound of music, which seemed to be coming nearer, and soon a strange procession, headed by a band of barefooted musicians clad in

THE CARABAO CART.

white and yellow uniforms, turned the corner and moved into the street where they were standing.

"This is a feast day, or *fiesta*, as the people here call it," explained the officer. "You see, a large part of the people here are of the Catholic faith, and they celebrate many *fiestas* in honor of their patron saints, and to-day chances to be one of them. That fact accounts for the presence of so many of the natives on the streets, for they do little work on the feast days. They are on the way to the church, and we can fall into the procession and see the ceremonies in the church, if you wish."

As he said this, the procession began to pass the point at which they were standing. Following the band was a boy with a silk banner with religious devices, then a man bearing a silver crucifix, and on either side boys carrying huge silver candlesticks with lighted candles, then following them a choir of boys chanting a solemn mass, and then a statue of the saint whose day was being celebrated, clad in gorgeous robes and borne upon the shoulders of four men. A sacristan walked sometimes in front of and sometimes alongside the statue, swinging his censer of burning incense, and following next was the parish priest in ecclesiastical costume, his white robes embroidered with gold contrasting strangely with the costumes of the natives who thronged the street and,

doffing their hats, knelt in worshipful attitude as the procession passed.

The young ladies, unaccustomed to this strange spectacle, stood in respectful silence as the procession passed, and following it with their guide entered the church. They found it a substantial edifice constructed of stone, neatly whitewashed without and within. The interior was dimly lighted, but the altar was brilliant with the blaze of many candles. A part of the interior was supplied with benches, and these were partly filled with waiting people, while the broad open space just within the doors was occupied by a throng of kneeling men and women counting their beads and engaged in devotion. Lighted candles were passed among the members of the congregation and the solemn services began, the choir being assisted at times by the brass band which had led the procession.

"Now," said the young officer, as he led the way from the church at the close of the services, "we will go to the school, for I presume you would like to see a school for the Filipinos as it is being conducted by an American teacher."

"Yes," responded the young ladies simultaneously, "we should very much like to visit the school."

"We will take this *carromata*," said the officer, pointing to a small vehicle which was passing drawn

by a diminutive pony. "Hi there, *cochero!*" he shouted, addressing the driver, who quickly pulled up his slowly moving pony and awaited orders.

"*La escuela Americana,*" he said in his best Spanish to the driver, after they had stowed themselves inside the small vehicle and the driver had taken his seat on the shafts just at the rear of the pony. "*La escuela Americana.*"

"Which means 'the American school,' I suppose," said Miss Dennison with a laugh.

"Quite right, Miss Dennison," said the officer bowing; "I did not know that you understood Spanish."

"Only a little," said Miss Dennison with a blush. "I picked up a few Spanish phrases in my experience as a nurse during the war in Cuba."

In a few minutes their *carromata* stopped in front of a neat bamboo building with the American flag waving above the brown *nipa* roof. The windows, made of translucent shells, for use only in inclement weather, had been shoved back, leaving big openings in the walls admitting air as well as light, and within they saw a group of boys and girls, and among them a young man instructing them in the use of the English language.

"Our first work," he said, when he had been introduced to the young ladies and had expressed

his pleasure in meeting them, "is to teach the people to speak and understand our language. All of my conversation with them is in the English language, and we begin with the most simple words, illustrated by the use of objects familiar to them.

"What is this which I hold in my hand, Miguel?" he said to one of the younger pupils.

"A ball, *Señor* teacher," was the ready reply of the young Filipino, anxious to show to the visitors his familiarity with the English language.

"And what is this with which I hold it?" was the next question.

"Your hand," came the ready response from a half-dozen pairs of lips.

"Now I lay it down," said the teacher. "What is this on which I have laid the ball?"

"You have laid it upon the table," came the reply.

"And what is this which I now hold in my hand?" said the teacher producing a book.

"A book!" cried a dozen voices; "the book is on the table," they added as he laid it aside.

"And what is the book used for?" was the next question.

"To learn to read the English language," came the response.

Then the work of the more advanced classes was shown. They were taught to read and write the

English language and the simple rules of mathematics, while a few of the young men and one or more of the young women had so far advanced that they were about to be sent to other sections of the island to establish schools among the natives.

"Many of the people of the island," said the teacher, "have shown an earnest desire to learn the English language for themselves, and to see also that their children obtain an education, which will give them better positions in life and make them more useful. There are already several thousand people attending schools in this island alone, and many of the people of adult age are attending the night schools and working hard for an education."

After an hour spent studying the school and the methods of those engaged in teaching the young Filipinos, the ladies and their guide turned their faces again toward the little dock at which their steamer was lying. As they arrived on board the vessel and seated themselves in a shady spot on the deck, they saw a large ship lying in the harbor flying the American flag and with steam up as if about to take her departure. As they looked they saw a man run nimbly down the steps which led from the deck to the water's edge, beckon to one of the many rowboats which were waiting for passengers, throw his baggage into it, spring after it, and head

the boat toward a distant and apparently unfrequented part of the shore. The paddles moved vigorously, and the little boat shot toward the land with a speed which caused the young ladies considerable surprise. As it approached the land there was a commotion on board the vessel from which its passenger had made his hurried departure, and in a moment an officer, mounting the bridge, shouted through a megaphone: "Arrest the man in that rowboat. He is wanted on a charge of shooting a man just as this vessel was leaving the dock at New York!"

The megaphone call awakened to activity the crowd of people who were loitering about the dock to which the *West Virginia* was attached. A captain of police, who chanced to be present among the crowd of coolies who were carrying supplies from the vessel to the military post and returning with fruit and other local supplies for its use, rushed excitedly about shouting orders to his subordinates, who tumbled over each other in a confused mass tugging at a couple of small rowboats, which finally got away carrying a squad of police armed with *bolos* and a single repeating rifle of rather ancient pattern. By this time the boat containing the escaping man from the big American vessel had made good progress in its race for the shore and seemed likely to arrive there

before it could possibly be overtaken by the police. Suddenly the paddle of one of the rowers snapped, the boat carrying the fugitive swung around and came almost to a halt, while that containing the police continued to make rapid headway in the race.

It seemed for a moment that they were to be victorious, that the good luck which had followed Wallace Addison was about to desert him and that he would certainly fall into the hands of the representatives of the police. On sped the boats with the police, narrowing at every stroke the space between them and the fleeing man. Suddenly the man drew from his pocket two silver dollars, held them up before the eyes of his boatmen, evidently urging them to make the land before they were overtaken. This stimulated them to renewed activity. The man whose oar had been broken, removing from his head the heavy Chinese hat which he wore, leaned over the side of the boat, and substituting the hat for the paddle, with strong, steady sweeps again headed the boat for the shore. As he did so the passenger rose to his feet. Taking a repeating rifle from his traveling case, he quickly adjusted it for immediate use, filling its chambers with cartridges, and stood watching the progress of the police boat, whose rowers, alarmed by this unexpected evidence of hostility, quickly slackened their speed. Despite the threats of the

captain they permitted the space between them and the fleeing man to grow gradually greater. Meantime the captain's launch had been lowered from the *West Virginia*, and a half-dozen marines headed by an officer joined in the race after the fugitive. At the same moment another launch shot out from the big ship from which the man had made his escape. The race was a most exciting one, and for a few minutes it looked as though he would surely be captured.

Suddenly an enormous black cloud swung across the bay with the suddenness experienced only in the tropics, a gust of wind set the whitecaps running, the boat carrying the police was overturned and the policemen and captain were seen swimming for their lives; while a wave catching the boat of the fleeing man swept it rapidly toward the shore. At that moment the black clouds which had been overhanging the harbor swept downward, completely enveloping the spot, lashing the waves into fury, and sending torrents of rain through which nothing could be seen, compelling the occupants of the launches to devote their entire energies to self-preservation.

When its violence had abated and the search was renewed neither the boat nor its occupants could be found.

CHAPTER IX

The reader will readily recognize the fact that the big American vessel lying in the offing on the occasion described in the last chapter was that on which the young ladies had made the trip from New York to Port Said, and that the passenger who took his hurried departure by native rowboat was none other than Wallace Addison. How he had managed to escape with his life when falling overboard into the sea in the midst of the typhoon, as described in a previous chapter, seemed difficult to understand.

"But it is no more wonderful than his numerous other escapes from death," said Miss Dennison as she described the incident to Captain Wilkins. "Just think of it, Henry," she said, forgetting his rank and title as her thoughts were carried back to the events described in "Uncle Sam's Secrets" and "Uncle Sam's Soldiers," a time long before Henry Wilkins had dreamed of even a service in the navy, to say nothing of the honor of wearing the uniform of a captain.

"Yes," said the captain musingly; "his adventures, so far as we know them, began with his escape from the officers at the Philadelphia Mint, where he had stolen a die for counterfeiting purposes and managed to slip it into Dan Patterson's pocket and the counterfeit bills into his traveling bag, causing that brave fellow no end of trouble, though he came triumphantly out of it.

"Then his next adventure, as I now recall," continued the captain after a moment of reflection, "was his plunge into the river to escape the officers who were after him on the charge of counterfeiting, and his disappearance in the midst of the rushing flood which carried him out of sight beneath the water. How he ever came out of that alive I don't know, though it is a fact that he was an expert swimmer. Let's see, Sallie, the discovery of his counterfeiting den in that cave at home was made by you, wasn't it? You know it all happened before I came to that neighborhood."

"Well," replied Miss Dennison with a sad smile, as she recalled the many painful incidents connected with Addison's history and that of her own family, "I was in the cave when the discovery was made, but think I am not entitled to much credit for it. My awful fall through the trapdoor in his office"—she shuddered as she spoke—"showed the connection be-

tween his office and the counterfeiting den in the cave which Professor Silurian and Dan's foster brothers had found; but that is about all I had to do with it."

"By no means," said the captain earnestly. "It was your bravely told story during that trial in Washington, when Dan Patterson's liberty and reputation were at stake, that saved him and showed that Addison was the guilty party."

"Oh, what a glorious sunset!" said Miss Dennison, springing to her feet and pointing to the western sky, which was gorgeous in crimson and gold and blue—such a sunset as can be seen only in the tropics, and especially in the Philippines. It was indeed a most brilliant spectacle, though Miss Dennison's real purpose had been to turn the conversation from a subject which aroused so many painful memories in her mind.

For a few moments they stood spellbound watching the picture before them, the great masses of black cloud lighted up by the rays of the setting sun, now taking the form of castles through whose windows streamed tongues of glowing fire, now looking like a flame-swept forest, now sinking into a peaceful golden haze, while the long lines of feathery clouds in the distance reflected the soft rays of the disappearing sun.

"Yes," said the captain, "I have seen hundreds of them, the most beautiful sunsets in the world, and so beautiful that I can never fail to admire them, no matter how often they are seen. But just a few words more about Mr. Addison," he said, resuming his seat. "Tell me about his part in the war with Spain, for I have heard that he was a Spanish spy in Cuba. You know I left for the Philippines the very day that Dan and I offered our services to the Government, and so did not know much about the things that happened after that."

"He made his appearance," said Miss Dennison, "at one of the government arsenals where large guns were being made for use in the war, and was obtaining all the information he could about them. When the army was encamped in Florida, awaiting transportation to Cuba, he was discovered in a tree top, where he had tapped the telegraph wires and was obtaining information to be supplied to the enemy, but managed to escape and secrete himself on board one of the vessels which carried the troops to Cuba. On the way he was observed, and in attempting to escape fell into the sea and was saved from a shark by Dan Patterson. When the ship landed in Cuba he took advantage of the confusion and escaped, but was found within the American lines at Santiago, and again attempting to escape he was shot and was

supposed to have been killed. But it seems that he recovered, for he was on the vessel on which we left New York. I know I saw him pass our stateroom just after we had gone on board."

"And doubtless it was he who fired the shot at Dan," said the captain with emotion. "I read about it in the dispatches from New York, and have just received a letter from Dan with particulars. He is a dangerous man and his presence here, if he reached the shore alive, means mischief of some sort. There is no better place than this to carry on counterfeiting operations, for most of the money used in this part of the world is silver, which is easily counterfeited with sufficient accuracy to circulate among these people. By coöperating with the Moro pirates, not only can he find a ready means of disposing of his counterfeit money, but he can also encourage them to hostilities against the Government. I have given instructions for a careful search of the surrounding country, but the chances of finding a man in these tropical forests are not promising."

The next morning the captain appeared at the breakfast table with a troubled look on his face.

"I'm afraid we are not going to get into Manila as soon as I had hoped," he said. "I have just received a telegram directing me to go to Lake Lanao, in the interior of this island, where we have some

military posts which require supplies and other attention. Lake Lanao is about forty miles in the interior, but to get there I must go to Malabang, on Illana Bay, on the south shore of the island, and then go by wagon train to Lake Lanao."

"But what are we to do in the meantime?" inquired Miss Saxton, who regarded her strange surroundings with constant anxiety.

"That is a matter which you must decide," said the captain. "When I received the telegram I thought it might be best for you to regain your places on the vessel on which we left New York and which was lying in the harbor yesterday, but when I made inquiry as to her whereabouts I found that she had left at daylight for Iloilo, where there are better facilities for the repairs which her officers had intended to make here."

"Then there is, of course, nothing for us to do but to go with you, if you will take us," said Miss Dennison resolutely, "or at least that seems to me better than remaining here among strangers. We can at least remain on the steamer and go with it as far as it goes, and perhaps you will think it best for us to remain on board the steamer while you make the trip to Lake Lanao by land."

"That seems to me the best thing to do," said the captain. "The American officer in command at

Malabang has his wife and daughters with him, and I am sure they will be glad to have you remain under their protection while I make the forty-mile trip to Lanao and return. It is a real treat, you know, to the few Americans here to have visitors from the United States, and you may be sure that you will be welcomed by Lieutenant Baker and his family."

In a few minutes a cloud of black smoke was rolling from the smokestacks of the *West Virginia*, and soon it turned its nose in a northeasterly direction. If the reader will again consult his map he will see on the south shore of the island of Mindanao, just east of Zamboanga Peninsula, a deep indentation, the eastern arm of which is designated as Illana Bay. It was to this bay, on whose eastern shore is located the town of Malabang, that the little steamer made its way among the groups of fishing vessels which lined the coast. The travelers were greeted by thousands of curious people who came off in the strange, narrow rowboats common to that country and clamored for the privilege of diving after pennies, which they immediately deposited in their capacious mouths, and clamored for more.

"We shall be glad to have the young ladies remain here while you make the trip to Lanao," said Lieutenant Baker when Captain Wilkins had intro-

duced him to Misses Dennison and Saxton and had explained the situation. "I think they had better leave the vessel and come up to our bungalow on top of the mountain, where they will be much more comfortable, for it is more than a thousand feet above the sea level, much cooler, and fairly free from mosquitoes and other discomforts in the harbor. Meantime I shall propose a temporary trade with you. A young man who has recently come out from the United States as a teacher has been assigned to this place and is very anxious to learn something of the interior of the island. His school does not open for several weeks, and he has asked me to intercede with you in his behalf and see if you will be willing to take him with you on your trip to Lanao."

So it was quickly arranged that the young ladies should remain at the bungalow of Lieutenant Baker, while Captain Wilkins readily assented to the request that the young teacher, Mr. Teller, should accompany him to Lake Lanao.

"There will be plenty to amuse the young ladies during your absence, I think," said Lieutenant Baker, "even in this small and comparatively out-of-the-way place. There is a school in progress under charge of an experienced teacher; there are the markets to which the natives come with their sup-

plies for the camp and the town; there are the quaint old Catholic church and the Mohammedan mosque, in each of which services are held, and the variety of population and costume, so different from that which we have at home, will be interesting to those not acquainted with these people and their ways."

"How delightful!" ejaculated Miss Saxton after the lieutenant had left to arrange for the reception of his guests. "I suppose it will be just like camping out, for the lieutenant said that we would be welcome at his 'bungalow.'"

"Not necessarily," replied Captain Wilkins with a smile. "The word bungalow is quite commonly used in this part of the world for residences. It probably originated in India, where it is generally used, but as I have already told you, there are many words in the languages here which were evidently brought by the Hindoos who occupied these islands a thousand years or so ago, and you will find the word bungalow applied to residences almost everywhere."

The next morning the young ladies were transferred to the bungalow, which quite justified the promise of Captain Wilkins that they would find it a comfortable place of abode. It was a large, one-story house built of native woods, with polished floors, carved pillars, and broad verandas. The win-

dows were large sliding frames subdivided into tiny squares, each square filled with a translucent shell, which gave the effect of ground glass; but these broad frames were pushed aside at all times when not required for protection, thus giving a free circulation of air, while the broad passageways between the large rooms, and comfortable chairs and couches made of bamboo and rattan, added to the attractiveness within. The ordinary ceiling had been omitted, and the steep rafters which supported the heavily thatched roof were ornamented with a great variety of curios which the lieutenant and his family had gathered during their stay in the islands. Dark-skinned servants, clad in spotless white garments and bright-colored turbans, scurried hither and thither putting the apartments in order; the polished floors, made of heavy planks of rosewood, vied in resplendence with the pretty upright piano which occupied a corner of the room into which the ladies were ushered, and above their heads the *punkas* swung gently to and fro, moved by the hand of a youthful Filipino whose brown legs and feet contrasted well with the white of his *camisa* and trousers.

Meantime Captain Wilkins was busily engaged getting his wagon train under way, accompanied by a guard of marines which was strengthened by a detachment from the army post; for the captain re-

called with some anxiety his experience at Maibun in the island of Sulu, and preferred an assurance of safety for the valuables which his train carried to the post at Lake Lanao.

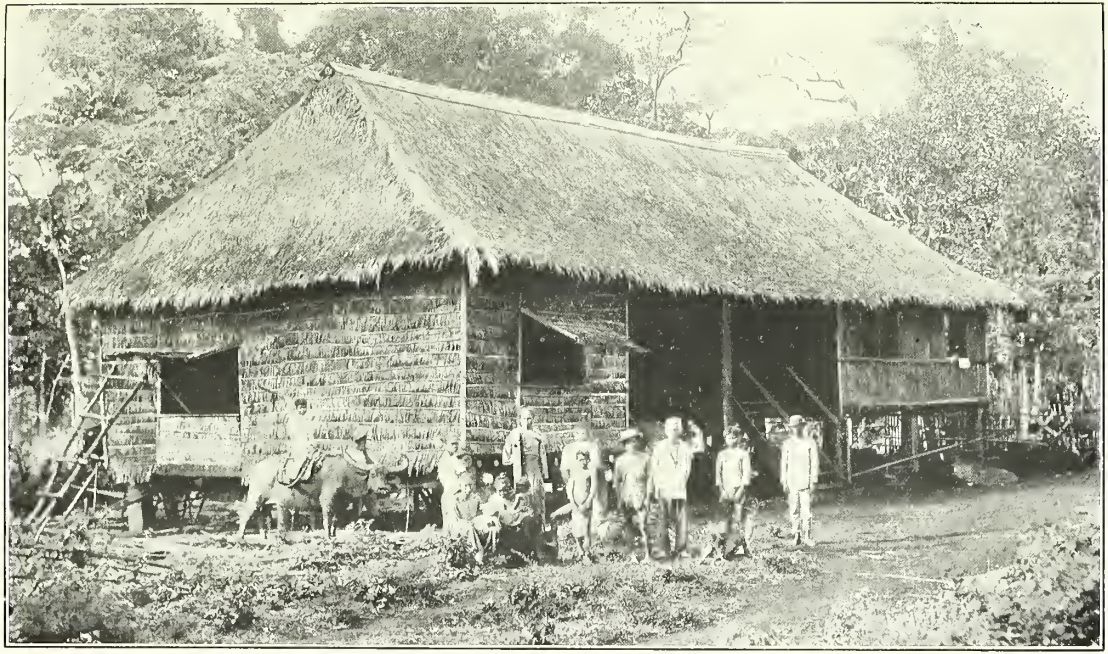
The trip to the lake, although devoid of novelty to the captain, who had been frequently over the road, was full of interest to his guest, Mr. Teller, who had but just arrived from the United States and had therefore seen nothing of the interior of the island or its people. He plied the captain with questions about the many curious sights and sounds, and more than once Captain Wilkins found himself reminded of Dan Patterson in the persistence of his inquiries and his desire for information.

As they moved out from the little town the road passed through a low, flat country with ricefields on either side. Some of these were just being plowed with the patient *carabao*, others had passed that stage and were flooded to a depth of several inches from the little irrigation ditches which carried the water to them, and in still others the rice plants had attained such a growth as to cover the land with a thick coating of bright green. In other places there were fields of hemp which seemed to promise a profitable return to the owners, and beside them acre after acre of Indian corn, which flourishes even in a tropical climate, and which reminded both the

young men of the great cornfields of the United States. By the roadside, partly concealed by groves of palms or bananas, were attractive little houses of bamboo frames with sides and roof of *nipa* or *cogon*, while pigs, chickens, ponies, and *carabao* scattered about them suggested a fair supply of the requirements of life among their owners.

"I am surprised to find so many evidences of civilization among these people," said Mr. Teller, as they took their seats in the comfortable ambulance which had been assigned for their use on the trip. "I expected to find chiefly savages, living in tree tops and subsisting on roots and berries or the product of the chase. We have read so much about the uncivilized condition of the Moros in these southern islands that I am quite gratified to find so much of civilization among them."

"Yes," replied Captain Wilkins, "the conditions in the Philippine Islands are not so far from civilization as many people have pictured them. Of course there are many things here which are radically different from those to which we have been accustomed, and it is quite natural that those writing home about them should discuss chiefly the things which are new and strange to them. But there is much more of European and American civilization here than most people suppose; you find more and more of it as you



A COUNTRY SCENE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

move toward the northern islands of the group, for it is only about a half century since the Spaniards came into any sort of control over these southern islands, except at a very few points on the coast where they had maintained military stations much longer than that."

"But about the Moros. Are they really so numerous and so dangerous an element of the population here as has been claimed?"

"No. They make up the bulk of the population of the little islands of Sulu and Tawi Tawi, but those islands combined are no bigger than a county in some of our States, and they number about 150,000 in this island. The entire number of Moros in all the Philippine Islands was, according to the census of 1903, about a quarter of a million out of a total population of over seven and a half millions. Even in this island they form but one fourth of the total population, and as you go farther north they grow less. So you see, their importance has been very much exaggerated."

The sights and sounds as they passed through the tropical forest were new and strange and interesting to Mr. Teller. Monkeys swung from the long vines which hung from the forest trees and chattered and scolded as they passed; parrots in green and yellow and red shrieked from the tree tops; birds of bright

plumage flitted from tree to tree; crows in great numbers hopped by the roadside or cawed insolently from the rocks near by; huge bats with wings measuring nearly a yard from tip to tip flew noiselessly from the tree tops where they had hung head downward, sleeping the day away, until startled by the unusual sounds of the passing cavalcade.

As the sun approached the meridian and the heat of the midday became intense a halt was made and the native attendants, in accordance with the usual custom of the tropics, threw themselves on the ground and were soon fast asleep, with the exception of those whose duties as personal servants kept them awake at their posts of duty. The heat was overpowering. The leaves of the tropical plants drooped beneath the burning rays. Birds flew to shelter and sought the densest shade. The *carabao* hastened to the nearest stream and, wallowing in the mud, lay with only their heads above the water and slept peacefully. Yielding to the impulse of all nature for relaxation in the midst of this fearful heat, the captain and his guest stretched themselves in hammocks which their Moro servants had hung beneath a tree and fell asleep, with their servants at their sides and a sentry pacing back and forth on either hand.

Suddenly there was a rustle in the leaves above, a gliding movement, and something long and glis-

tening was precipitated from the tree toward the hammock in which Captain Wilkins was lying. Then there was a shout, a long sharp *kris* gleamed in the air, and in an instant the camp was in confusion, with guards running from every direction to the spot.

CHAPTER X

The first day of the young ladies in the Oriental bungalow passed quietly enough, and a considerable part of it in that dreamy fashion which is supposed to be the chief factor of life in all well-ordered Oriental bungalows. The wife and daughters of Lieutenant Baker were attentive and cordial, and spent the morning chatting with them about the United States and about their strange adventures on the trip from New York to that place. Breakfast was served at ten o'clock, a custom in the Orient, where the early risers content themselves with a cup of coffee and a biscuit, and defer the real breakfast until a later hour.

"We shall have *tiffin* at three o'clock," said Miss Baker, "and now that you have had so tiresome a journey I advise you to follow the custom of the East and take your *siesta* in the middle of the day."

The young ladies found the advice good, and returning to their apartment were soon sleeping soundly, quite unaware of the danger at that moment sur-

rounding Captain Wilkins, as related in the last chapter. At three o'clock *tiffin* was served, the white-robed servants moving silently over the polished floor in bare feet, while the gently moving *punkas* over their heads kept the air in constant motion and made them forget the blazing heat without. At six o'clock a comfortable *carromata* was at the door. It was driven by a native *cochero* in livery of brown linen, wearing a huge cape fringed with red and a curiously shaped hat which looked like a washbowl turned bottom side up. A light shower had cooled the air, and the young ladies, accompanied by Mrs. Baker and her daughters, greatly enjoyed the drive over a beautiful road lined with majestic palms. The way led them into a park just outside the town, where a native band discoursed music each evening to the delight of the townspeople. The sight was a most interesting one to the young ladies. The *presidente* (by which is meant the mayor of the town) soon appeared in his carriage, and his arrival was the signal for the music to begin. People of all classes were there; the officers and private soldiers of the military post, the families of the leading merchants and other principal men of the town appeared in evening costumes, riding back and forth along the roadway set aside for carriages; while those who were not fortunate enough to command a *carromata* or *quelis* con-

tented themselves with seats on the grass or wandered about chatting with their acquaintances and enjoying the music as only a Filipino can.

"And now," said Mrs. Baker, "we must do our marketing. The market is held here in the evening, for it seems to suit the convenience of the people better, and it is not so hot as in the daytime. The market place is the plaza in the center of the town, and the sun is very hot there at midday. Perhaps you will be interested to see a Filipino market place."

"Certainly," said Miss Dennison; "we shall be delighted to have the privilege of accompanying you."

As they neared the market place they passed numbers of women coming in from the country to the market, carrying their little stocks of wares in baskets balanced upon their heads, walking erect and rapidly without touching their burdens with their hands. Some were smoking huge black cigars and others cigarettes, while those who were not smoking chewed the betel nut, which stained the lips and mouth a deep red. Their clothing was in many cases white and had the appearance of having been just donned, fresh from the laundry.

"Many of these people," explained Mrs. Baker, "come from a long distance in the country, and have to wade through deep streams to get here; but if so

they bring with them a change of clothing which they don before reaching the town and appear in the market as carefully dressed as though they had just left their homes."

Arriving at the plaza, they found the market place crowded with merchants and buyers. The dealers had arranged themselves in rows, sitting crosslegged upon the ground or squatting upon their heels, their little stock of marketing spread upon the ground before them. Some of the more enterprising ones had a neat mat upon which the marketing was displayed, and a little case of drawers in which the dealer kept his stock of coins used in the transactions. The fruits and other delicacies were in some cases displayed on sections of banana leaf, cut in squares, while others of the merchants had twisted the leaves into ingeniously shaped baskets. Each dealer was supplied with a light—in some cases a quantity of hard pitch wrapped in dried palm leaves, and in others a discarded beer bottle filled with American kerosene oil, with a rag for a wick. Sweet potatoes, or *camotes*, as they are called, were much in evidence, as were also bananas, for these two articles form a large part of the food of the masses, while the merchants of the town sold rice, sugar, and coffee from the stalls which surrounded the plaza, ostentatiously scooping the rice into the baskets or other receptacles

of their customers, monotonously counting the measures, clanking the coins carefully upon some hard object to assure themselves of their genuineness.

"Everybody tests every coin offered him in this part of the world," said Mrs. Baker, noticing with an amused smile the expression of surprise on the faces of the young ladies as they saw each coin carefully tested in this manner. "Counterfeiting is so easy in these countries where only silver and copper coins are used that nobody thinks it at all impolite to test the genuineness of every coin offered him."

As they passed on through the market the young ladies were surprised to find many products with which they were familiar. "I had not expected to find in this tropical country, so near the equator, so many of the vegetables and fruits and grains which we have in the temperate zone," said Miss Dennison. "I see plenty of corn here, which looks as though it was of good variety and does well in this climate. I wonder that the people do not grow it here as we do at home, especially as material for bread seems to be scarce in this part of the world."

"Bread is very little used among the natives here," replied Mrs. Baker. "They prefer rice, and it takes the place with them which both bread and potatoes take with us, though they do grow some Irish potatoes and great quantities of sweet potatoes. Then,

you know, nature furnishes them a natural bread in the form of the breadfruit."

"Breadfruit," said Miss Dennison. "Yes, I have read of it, but never expected to see it."

"Well, you can readily see it here," replied Mrs. Baker, pointing to a heap of objects which the young ladies had at first thought were small melons. "This is the breadfruit, which grows on trees; when roasted or baked it supplies a white substance which is very similar to bread in appearance and taste. Then there is another article," she said as she pointed to a white substance having much the appearance of flour, "which serves a purpose quite similar to bread or the flour from which it is made. This is the product of the sago palm. The sago palm tree when cut down and split open supplies a large quantity of white, juicy material, and the evaporation of the liquid portion leaves as a residue the sago flour, which is excellent as food."

As they passed on they found many other familiar articles, such as cabbages, tomatoes, onions, bananas, oranges, and lemons; while other fruits which were new to them were mangoes, rich, luscious, and tempting; mangosteens, a small but delicate fruit covered with a thick green rind; pineapples and cocoanuts. The plentiful supply of eggs, chickens, and pigs again suggested that in these particulars the habits of the

people of the islands were quite similar to those of the temperate zone.

"Here are some articles," said Mrs. Baker, "which you do not see in the markets at home"; and she pointed to stacks of thick, green leaves cut into small pieces, and near them little boxes of a white material which appeared to be pulverized lime. "This," she continued, "is what the natives call *buyo*. It is the leaf which is used with the betel nut for chewing, in about the same manner that tobacco is used in certain other parts of the world, except that practically all the people of both sexes use it. The betel nut is the product of the areca palm; it is about the size of an egg, and is used for chewing by nearly everybody among the natives, not only here, but all through the Orient. Indeed, I have read a statement that one tenth of the human family chew the betel nut. The natives say that it gives them strength for hard work and helps digestion. A small quantity of the nut is wrapped in these leaves of the betel pepper shrub, with a small quantity of quicklime, and chewed in this combination. It is hot and peppery in taste, stains the mouth red and the teeth black, and it is said destroys the teeth in a little time. The rapid decay of the teeth, however, is probably due quite as much to the fact that many of the natives file them into fantastic shapes, some

of them to a sharp point, others filing the front with a round file so that each tooth seems to curve outward."

The bell in the church tower near by suddenly rang out the hour of eight, the chatter of buyers and sellers ceased, each of the natives rising to his feet, the men doffing their hats, and facing the church each stood silently repeating a prayer. Then the hum of the market place began again, and soon the chatter and laughter of the marketers, the monotonous count of the merchants as they told off their measures of rice or counted their *camotes,* went on as before.

The next morning they were off for a drive in the country, accompanied by Lieutenant Baker, taking an early start to enjoy the fresh air and enable their return before the heat of midday. The road ran through a tropical forest, but the young ladies were surprised to find groups of neatly thatched *nipa* houses at short intervals, many of them surrounded by well-cultivated fields of rice and sweet potatoes. The impudent crows cawed vigorously at them as they drove by, the parrots screamed from their perches in the trees, and the monkeys chattered and scolded, scrambling up the trees or clinging to the vines which swung from them. As they drove along through the forest of palms they noted that many of them had

notches cut in the sides, and soon they saw a native walking among the trees carrying a large section of bamboo shaped like a tall bucket or churn, looking upward as if searching for some object. Suddenly he paused before a tree as if preparing for an ascent, carefully crossing himself before doing so, as if he thought the task a perilous one.

"What is he going to do?" inquired Miss Saxton, as she noted his movements with some curiosity.

"Oh, that is a *tuba* man," said Lieutenant Baker. "*Tuba*," he continued, "is the name of the drink which is made from the juice of the cocoanut palm tree. It is extracted from the tree at the point where a blossom is about to make its appearance. The juice when fresh has a taste somewhat like fresh cider and is quite palatable and harmless, but in a few hours it turns to a sharp acid, and then gradually becomes an intoxicating liquor. This man is a professional *tuba* hunter. He probably has a contract with the owner of these trees, by which he gathers the *tuba* and gives the owner one half of the liquor thus gathered."

The cocoanut palm grows from sixty to ninety feet in height, perfectly straight and without a branch, the top being surmounted by a crown of from sixteen to twenty huge leaves, each leaf being from ten to fifteen feet in length. They watched the active little

man as he carefully brushed the dirt from his bare feet, so that he should have perfect use of his toes in climbing and in clinging to the little notches which had been cut in the side of the tall palm which towered far above him. Then adjusting the churn-shaped receptacle which he carried upon his back, he began to climb like a monkey, holding on by his long arms and ascending step by step with amazing rapidity. As he reached the first huge leaf he seated himself upon its stem, and taking from the flowering branch a section of bamboo which he had put there to collect the sap emptied the contents into the long churn-shaped bucket which he carried, returning the tube to its place to resume its duty of collecting the sap as it trickled down the stem, in which he made a fresh incision.

"These little sections of bamboo which you see hanging to the trees away up there," said the lieutenant, "have been placed there by this man to collect the sap as it oozes out of the blossoming branch which he has notched for this purpose. The flow from each branch continues for six or eight weeks, and so the *tuba* man becomes quite well acquainted with each tree before the season is over."

Pulling himself from perch to perch, like a monkey, the *tuba* man moved about the top of the great tree, now resting on the stem of one large leaf, and

now on another. Suddenly he swung himself from his perch to a long bamboo pole which extended from the top of the tree to another a few feet distant, and balanced himself upon it like a trapeze performer.

"Now he is going to make the passage from that tree to the next one," said the lieutenant. "It is too much trouble for him to climb down one tree and up another, and so he fastens these bamboo poles from one tree to another, lashing them firmly in their places with *bejuco*, which is the native word for rattan, and makes his way from tree to tree over this aërial pathway."

As he said this the *tuba* man made a quick run along the bamboo pole, steadying himself by another and smaller pole which had been fixed in such position that he could use it as a sort of hand rail, and landed safely in the top of the next palm tree, where he resumed his work, passing thence to the next tree and so on as long as they watched his operations.

As they passed on they saw large heaps of cocoanuts lying near the roadside and groups of natives engaged in chopping them open, extracting the meat, chopping it into small pieces, and spreading it in the sun upon bamboo frames beneath which gentle fires were kept burning.

"These people," said the lieutenant, "are making

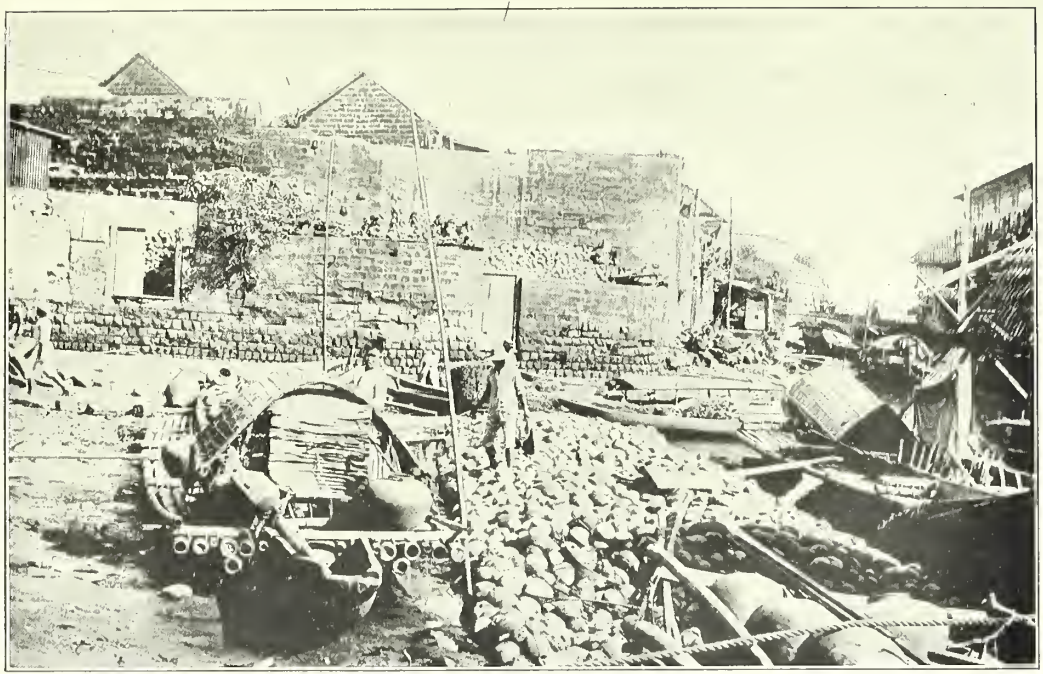
what is known as *copra*. The cocoanut, you know, is a very useful product in these islands. A single tree produces from eighty to two hundred nuts in a year, the supply of ripened nuts being continuous. On some of these trees you may see flowers, young nuts, and nuts ready for gathering, all at the same time. The people eat the nut as it comes from the tree, both ripe and unripe, and the fluid which it contains is an important article of food with them, and a most refreshing drink on a hot day. It is a watery substance in the earlier stage of the development of the nut, and only turns into the milky state when the nut is completely ripe."

As he said this he called to a young Filipino who was passing, saying a few words to him in a language which the ladies did not understand, and in a moment the lad returned laden with cocoanuts which he deftly opened with his *bolo*, giving to each a draught of their contents, which fully sustained the assertion of the lieutenant as to its refreshing and strengthening character, bowing and smiling his thanks as he deftly caught the small coin which the lieutenant tossed him.

"The kernel of the cocoanut," continued the lieutenant, "contains about seventy-five per cent of fixed oil, which is very useful for food so long as it remains fresh. It is extracted by boiling the kernel or meat

of the nuts in water and skimming off the oil, and by pressing the oil out of the nut after boiling. But the methods of doing this are very imperfect here, for there is not the proper machinery for extracting the oil or utilizing it. So man has learned to have the meat of the cocoanut dried, and it is then transported to places where machinery is available for extracting the oil. That is what these people are doing. They chop or break up the meat of the ripe cocoanuts into small pieces and dry it. It is then shipped to the United States or to European countries and there turned into oil and fats, which are used for various purposes, especially for the manufacture of stearine candles and in making soaps. When carefully prepared it can be used for food and for a variety of other purposes. Thousands of tons of *copra*, as these dried cocoanut meats are called, are exported from these islands and others in this part of the world each year, and the man who has a cocoanut grove of a few hundred or thousand trees is assured of a comfortable income for life, for the tree continues to produce until it is nearly one hundred years old, and requires little care after reaching maturity."

They drove on through the beautiful forest of palms, the roadside being fringed with banana trees from which the fruit hung in great bunches in vari-



SHIPPING COCOANUTS TO MARKET.

ous stages of development, some fully ripe and ready for consumption, others just formed and waiting for the sun and fruitful soil to complete their development. As they reached a turn in the road they saw a large house partly concealed in a grove of young palms.

"This is the residence of the *datto* of the district," said the lieutenant; "and as I have some business with him we will make a brief call, and you may have an opportunity to see something of the home life of the more prosperous of these people."

As the *carromata* halted before the house they heard the sound of a gong within, evidently sounded for the purpose of notifying the master that visitors were approaching. In a few moments a man appeared, clad in tightly fitting trousers of the Moro fashion, with rows of little gold buttons up the outside of each leg, the feet bare, the shoulders and chest incased in a tightly fitting coat, and on his head a yellow turban. Soon the women of the household made their appearance, their lips red with the stain of the betel nut, their teeth filed to a point and black as coal, their faces plastered with white powder. They wore loose, baggy trousers which had the appearance of divided skirts; the upper portion of the body was incased in a tightly fitting garment of some

bright color; the wrists and arms were decorated with bracelets, and there were numerous rings on the fingers.

Entering the house, which stood upon high posts or columns, the first floor several feet above the ground, they were struck by the solidity of its construction and the beauty of the interior. The framework was of heavy logs of mahogany beautifully carved, and the floors were of polished planks of rosewood. The apartment in which they were received was very large, and was decorated with Chinese lanterns and gongs; a plentiful supply of spears, *bolos*, and *krises* was grouped not inartistically, chairs and benches were scattered about, and on a little table stood the polished brass case for the betel nut, the constant companion of the *datto*. At the end of the compartment were a number of canopies with curtains at the side of each, these being the sleeping apartments of the various members of the family. From one of the great carved beams which formed the framework of the house hung a small American flag, placed there as an indication of the friendly attitude of the *datto* to the new American Government.

The *datto* received his visitors with apparent pleasure, and gave orders to his servants to bring coffee and cigars, the ladies accepting the coffee, which they found very good, but declining the proffered cigars

and cigarettes. The visit terminated, they turned their faces homeward.

Returning by a route different from that which they had followed in the outward trip, they encountered a group of native women on their way to the village. Seeing that the young women were quite interested, the lieutenant halted and entered into conversation with them, thus giving the ladies an opportunity to make a mental note of Mindanao fashions. The women were dressed in tightly fitting jackets of bright colors, a short red skirt reaching a little below the knee, a white sash falling from the shoulder across the breast and under the arm, and so arranged that it supplied a storage place for articles which they carried with them, including the inevitable cases for the betel nut and leaf and the little box of lime. From these boxes they extracted little rolls of the leaf and nut from time to time, placing them in their mouths and chewing them with evident satisfaction. Some of them wore heelless slippers which clattered upon the ground as they walked, but most of them were without covering for their feet, except the rings of brass wire which encircled the toes and ankles, while the arms from the wrist to the elbow were covered with bracelets, and around the neck were necklaces of beads and pendants.

"Now," said the lieutenant, after a few minutes

spent in studying Mindanao fashions, "we must return as soon as possible, for our breakfast will be awaiting us, and our guests are not accustomed to such long outings, with only a cup of coffee and a roll as the early morning meal."

"But you have forgotten," said Miss Dennison, "that we had the refreshing drink from the cocoanuts and the *datto's* excellent cups of coffee."

Nevertheless, the young ladies found the breakfast of fresh juicy mangoes, dainty slices of banana rolled in flour and fried in the oil of the cocoanut, *camotes* roasted in banana leaves, and chicken, "Americana" style, quite welcome. They were thoroughly enjoying it when suddenly they felt a strange rocking sensation; the dishes on the table clashed, the *punkas* above their heads swung violently to and fro, and a strange creaking and groaning sound came from the corners of the house.

"An earthquake!" said Mrs. Baker, springing to her feet in alarm; "an earthquake! Run for your lives!" In an instant they had dashed from the building, and were just in time to escape the falling walls and the crash of the heavy roof.

CHAPTER XI

Captain Wilkins's escape from the huge python which flung itself upon him from the tree under which he was sleeping was due solely to the watchfulness and agility of his Moro attendant. That servitor, knowing the dangers which lurked in every part of the tropical forest, had been on the alert from the moment Captain Wilkins threw himself into the hammock, and discovered the huge creature just as it swung itself from the tree top in which it was concealed, and springing to the rescue severed its head from its body with a single blow of his keen *kris*. The python is the largest representative of the serpent family, ranging in length from fifteen to thirty feet. The home of the python is the East Indian Islands, Southern China, Indo-China, India, Ceylon, and some parts of Africa. It differs somewhat from the large serpent of the Americas known as the boa constrictor, the python being larger and having the facility of tree climbing more fully developed. It kills its prey, as does the boa, by constriction, wind-

ing its long body around it and crushing it to death. It does not often attack man, and the unusual occurrence of its attack upon Captain Wilkins was explained only when a group of half-naked natives of the mountain type came trooping out of the woods a few moments later clamoring for its skin and pointing out the fact that they had slightly wounded it in an encounter upon the hillside just before the arrival of the captain and his cavalcade. In a few moments they had removed the skin, tying it in a roll with a piece of rattan which they had cut from the roadside; then they disappeared into the forest, leaving the captain to reflect with thankfulness on his escape.

An hour later the cavalcade was on its way again, and before the day ended the military post on Lake Lanao had been reached, and the supplies carried by the captain delivered. The commanding officer at the little post, Lieutenant Brown, welcomed the captain as an old acquaintance, and insisted upon giving up his own quarters, a neat *nipa* house built upon posts about fifteen feet above the ground, for the use of the captain and Mr. Teller, the young American teacher who accompanied him.

The scene as they gathered about the dinner table in the long *nipa*-covered building devoted to a mess room for the officers was an interesting one, and es-

pecially so to Mr. Teller, who was unacquainted with the customs of military life in the tropics. The building had been constructed as the residence of a *datto*, who had consented to part with it for a certain number of silver dollars. The frame was of huge mahogany logs, curiously carved; the floors were of planks of the same material, carefully polished every morning by the native servants, whose chief costume was a pair of short trousers reaching to the knee and a turban of some brilliant color, these being supplemented by a white coat on occasions of ceremony. The sides of the building were of sections of *nipa* thatch set in frames and so hinged at the top with stout sections of rattan that they could be swung outward, forming an awning above the broad veranda, which extended on every side of the structure. The gabled roof of thick *nipa* thatch was supported by rafters of bamboo, from which hung an array of *bolos, krises,* shields, and other fighting paraphernalia of the natives, intermingled with the more practical repeating rifles and revolvers of the officers and the little force of men composing the command. *Punkas* made of white canvas attached to bamboo poles swung above the table, operated by a rope pulled by a young Filipino lad clad only in a flowing white *camisa.*

The dinner which was placed before them was

thoroughly enjoyed by Captain Wilkins, whose fare on shipboard was largely made up of canned foods, salted meats, and other stock supplies.

"I thought you would welcome some genuine country fare," said Lieutenant Brown as he piled the captain's plate with slices of fresh venison, mountain goat, and wild hog. "Venison is very good here, and there is plenty of it, for deer are more abundant in Asia and the outlying islands than in any other part of the world; and as for wild hogs, you find them in the forest almost everywhere. These mountain goats we find especially fine when young, and even the monkeys, which are plentiful, are very good, if you can only make yourself forget that it is monkey that you are eating. Then, of course, we have the supplies which the natives bring in from their homes, which include nearly all of the vegetables to which we are accustomed in the temperate zone—potatoes, onions, beans, sweet potatoes, with chickens and eggs in abundance, and many articles to which we are unaccustomed at home."

"And these things are especially welcome to me after living on canned foods and salted meats, which form the chief food supply on shipboard," said Captain Wilkins.

"I am quite surprised to find here in the tropics so many of the products of the temperate zone," said

Mr. Teller, whose inquiring mind had been following with interest the enumeration of articles of food supplied by nature and by the industry of the natives. "I am surprised also to learn that the natives cultivate these things so freely. We have been given to understand in the United States that the natives are lazy and make no effort to supply themselves with any of the comforts of life, at least of the sort that we are accustomed to consider as such."

"All of which is very much exaggerated," replied Lieutenant Brown. "The natives are many of them industrious, and have their farms and gardens about their houses, and their supply, not only of vegetables and rice, but of pigs and chickens; and this extends not only to the better class, but to those far in the interior of the island, and to those tribes which are supposed to have the smallest development of civilization."

"I suppose," continued Mr. Teller in an inquiring tone, "that there are many other articles of exclusively tropical production of which we have none in our own country."

"Yes," replied the lieutenant, "there is scarcely anything of tropical or subtropical nature which is not to be found here: cinnamon, spices, pepper and coffee of good quality. There are india-rubber trees from which considerable supplies of rubber are ob-

tained by the natives and sold to the Chinese traders, who send it to Singapore, whence it is shipped to Europe or the United States. These islands ought to be able to supply our country with a good share of the $50,000,000 worth of india rubber which we import from Brazil and other foreign countries. Then as for tropical fruits, for which we spend $25,000,000 or so a year at home, these islands could produce every dollar's worth of them. As for the $75,000,000 worth of coffee, the $20,000,000 worth of tea, and the $10,000,000 worth of cacao which the United States imports annually, these islands should be able to supply a large part of them; for the coffee grown here is of excellent quality, and the tea experts of Japan, China, and India say that the Philippines can produce as good tea as that which is now being supplied from Ceylon and India, and cacao also is plentiful and good."

Dinner over, the guests seated themselves on the veranda, enjoying the excellent cigars of native tobacco, made by natives, which they all agreed compared favorably with those from Cuba; while the moving *punkas* over their heads kept the mosquitoes at a respectful distance. Numbers of little green lizards ran chirping about the rafters or basked in the light of the lamps which hung from the ceiling; for these lizards, which are found everywhere

in the tropics, invade every household, and being quite harmless are welcomed because of the constant warfare which they wage upon mosquitoes, flies, and other pests of this character. Huge bats darted in and out of the building, attracted by the light and finding a plentiful food supply in the throng of tropical insects which had gathered about it.

"And now," said Lieutenant Brown, "I have a suggestion to make. I have here just at this time a couple of natives who are thoroughly familiar with the interior of the island, and who speak the languages of several of the tribes of the interior; and I should be glad if you would stay over for a few days and visit some of these strange people and see some of the wonderful and interesting sights of the island. There are, you know, a large number of different tribes and people here, perhaps a greater variety than on any other of the islands. Lying as it does near to that chain of islands which stretches southward to Australia and being not very far from the mainland, it has received visitors from many directions and of many types. There are the Moros, of whom you have seen many; and I must say that those of them who live on land are a better class of people than we have been led to believe from the reports supplied by the Spanish, who were prejudiced against them because they refused to accept the

Christian religion. Whatever may be said of the Spanish, it must be admitted that they were earnest and persistent proselytizers, urging their religion upon the people of the islands wherever they went; and however we may criticise their methods, it must be admitted that they succeeded in introducing into the Philippine Islands as a whole more of the customs which we know as European and American civilization than most other colonizing nations have done in their various colonies. By this I mean the customs of daily life: dress, household life, attendance upon the ordinances of the church, and the organization of local governments. The one group of people who resisted their attempts to introduce the Christian religion were the Mohammedans, or Moros, as they are called, who have largely controlled this island and the little islands of Sulu and Tawi Tawi. As a result, this island has been less civilized than any other, and the various classes of people which it has absorbed from other islands and lands have maintained more of their original characteristics than in the islands farther north."

"It is some of these native tribes that you propose to show us?" asked Captain Wilkins with awakened interest.

"Yes," replied Lieutenant Brown. "There are various groups of people, some of them supposed to

be of the same stock as the Papuans, who inhabit the island of New Guinea, which, you know, lies a considerable distance southeast of this island. Then there are people from the island of Celebes, one of the group of islands which the Dutch have controlled for hundreds of years; some from the Malayan Peninsula; and in the mountains are the Negritos, a race of small black people with woolly hair, broad flat noses, and large feet with toes developed almost like the fingers of the hand. These Negritos are supposed to be descended from the original people of the islands, and have fallen back into the interior as the Malays and Chinese and Spanish have pressed upon them."

The next morning they were off at daylight for a single day among the people of the forest, Captain Wilkins having sent one of his people back to inform Lieutenant Baker and the young ladies that he would extend his absence one day. "It will do them good," he said to himself, "to have another day on land after their long voyage and their experiences in the storm."

Their route lay through an unbroken forest of tropical growth, often such a dense mass of trees and vines that the guides were obliged to cut their way through it with the heavy *bolos* which they carried. They followed water courses wherever possible,

and when they came to water of sufficient depth the native attendants quickly improvised rafts of bamboo, which, being hollow and water tight, has power of sustaining great weight in the water.

Finally they came to evidences of human life. There were patches of land on the hillsides with growing corn and rice of the upland variety, sweet potatoes, sugar cane, bananas, and mangoes. Pigs and chickens were roaming among the trees, and dogs barked furiously.

"Strange," said Mr. Teller. "Here is a cultivated field, with pigs and chickens and dogs, but no sign of habitation. Where do the people live, I wonder?"

For answer the guides pointed to the tops of the trees, and looking in the direction indicated they could see what looked like the nest of some huge bird far up in the top of a tree whose leaves and small branches seemed to have been cut to give opportunity for the construction of the house. It was made of bamboo frames, extending from branch to branch of the tree, the frames lashed together with rattan, which grows plentifully in all parts of the island and is used for all purposes of this sort, so much so that many houses are built without the use of a single nail. This house was tightly lashed to the branches, and the sides and roof were made of

cogon grass, carefully thatched. The floor of the house, which was probably fifty feet from the ground, was made of split bamboo laid so closely that an arrow or a spear could not be sent through it from below.

"The purpose of building the houses in the trees," explained Lieutenant Brown, "is to give the occupants greater safety from their enemies. They have long ladders made of poles with which they make the ascent or descent, and when they want to protect themselves from an enemy they pull them up, as they doubtless did when they saw us approaching."

"Do you think, then, that there are people living in this house now?" asked Mr. Teller incredulously.

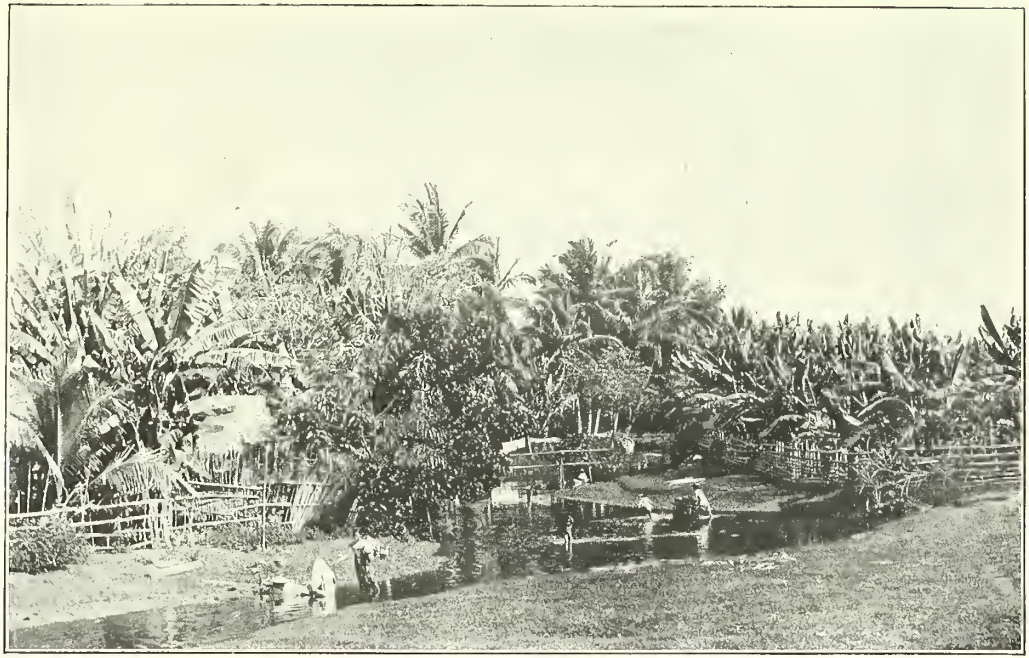
"Doubtless," said the lieutenant, "and I think we can prove it." He spoke a few words to his guide, who gave a peculiar whistle, and in a moment a black woolly head was thrust over the little platform which surrounded the house. The face which peered down upon them had a dark skin with a reddish tint, a broad flat nose, arching eyebrows, thick lips red with the betel-nut stain, between which they could see teeth filed to a sharp point and black as coal. Then another head appeared, and several smaller ones, evidently those of the children.

The guide shouted in a language which none of

the party could understand, gesticulating and pointing to the visitors; but no amount of persuasion could induce the occupants of the house to descend or to drop their ladders and permit their visitors to ascend.

Passing on over the hill and across the valley from whose steep side a group of monkeys screamed and scolded, the guides suddenly halted and made a signal for silence. Then asking the lieutenant and his party to remain where they were temporarily, they crept on through the jungle and were absent nearly a half hour. The members of the party were beginning to grow uneasy, especially Mr. Teller, who feared that they were being left to the mercy of these most uncivilized of all the people of the Philippine Islands. But he was quite relieved when the guides returned smiling and, pointing to a distant hillside, led the way through a circuitous ravine, where their approach would not be noted.

Rounding the hillside, they crept carefully through the bushes, and suddenly halting, the guides pointed to an open space a few yards below them. There they saw a group of Negritos, evidently engaged in celebrating a wedding feast. A pig had been killed and was being roasted before the fire. There were great heaps of *camotes*, or sweet potatoes, and quantities of rice cooking in earthen pots over small



A BANANA PLANTATION.

fires built in holes in the ground. The men wore only a broad piece of cloth around the waist drawn between the legs, making a garment somewhat similar to short bathing trunks. They were barefooted, and their toes were long and fingerlike in their uses; and it was observed that when they desired to pick up articles from the ground they did so with their toes, passing them up to their hands instead of taking the trouble to stoop for them. When they had occasion to climb trees this quality of their toes proved extremely serviceable, aiding them materially in clinging to the trunks of the trees. The women wore only a short skirt, extending from the waist to the knee, but their legs and ankles were ornamented with bands of brass wire and on their fingers were rings, some of them ornamented with settings of colored glass, having evidently been bought from the coast traders in exchange for their agricultural products or the products of the chase. Their skins were of a dark reddish color, their faces broad, with high cheek bones and flat noses. The ears of the women had been pierced and the holes enlarged by the insertion of rolls of *nipa* leaf, until the openings thus produced were larger than a silver ten-cent piece of American money. The spears and bows and arms and shields had been laid aside by the men, and those not engaged in preparing the dinner were

dancing, shouting, leaping, and enjoying themselves, quite unconscious of the presence of strangers.

After a half hour spent in observing their characteristics, the guides motioned for a silent withdrawal, since it was deemed prudent not to interrupt them, especially as the native liquor, *tuba*, had been passed frequently from lip to lip, and the excitement had grown noticeably greater after each round of the vessel which contained it.

There was another long walk through the forest, followed by the hasty construction of a raft of bamboo on which they floated down a little river. As they were leaving this a sudden tropical shower came up, and as it gave promise of lasting a considerable time, the natives quickly improvised raincoats from *nipa* leaves, which they threw around the shoulders of the members of the party, giving each one the appearance of being thatched, but protecting them admirably from the rain. This custom of making raincoats of leaves or grass prevails in all parts of the Orient, and on rainy days you see the natives going about with these curious bits of thatched work over their shoulders, and not infrequently they protect their ponies or oxen in the same way.

"We shall now make a visit to a party of people representing what is called 'the great white tribe of the Philippine Islands,'" said Lieutenant Baker, as

they left the raft and turned again into the forest. "These people are usually known as Mandayas, or Mansakas, and are much whiter than the ordinary Filipino, many of them, indeed, whiter than Spaniards. They do not seem to belong to a white race, nor are they the descendants of Europeans or other white people in the ordinary use of the term; but they seem to have attained this peculiar color, a sort of waxy white, by living in the shade of the forest, existing on a vegetable diet with much sweet food, and by constant immersion in water in traveling about by the water ways, their only convenient routes of travel."

As he said this, his guides again gave the signal for silence, and suddenly they came upon an opening in the forest with little gardens of vegetables, rice, and corn, and at the side were several houses in the tree tops, with long ladders reaching from the ground to the platforms which surrounded them. Motioning to the members of the party to follow them, the guides climbed quietly up the ladders, reaching downward to assist the other members of the party in their ascent; and the entire party had landed on the little platform surrounding the house before the occupants were aware of their presence. There were screams from the women, the men rushing to the doors spear in hand; when the assurances of the guides, who

spoke their language, had quieted their fears, the doors were opened and the visitors invited to enter. Both men and women were of very light color, the skin being of a waxy appearance, with not a particle of color in the cheeks. The lips were so stained with the betel nut that their real color could not be determined. The straight black hair was drawn into knots at the side of the head and the ends looped backward in curious fashion, this custom being followed by both men and women. The men wore short trousers, with no covering for the upper part of the body, the women a short skirt and a jacket of some bright color, their necks ornamented with strings of beads. Both sexes wore oblong hats made of bark and carefully tied in position. The houses were built in manner quite similar to the tree houses already described, the framework of bamboo, the sides of mats made of reeds and rattan, and the roofs of *nipa* or *cogon*. The rooms, which were about ten feet square, were ornamented with spears, shields, bows and arrows, and other articles of this character. Bamboo poles laid side by side formed a frail passageway from this house to another built in an adjoining tree, and a passage over this revealed another and still another leading from house to house at a distance of from forty to fifty feet above the ground.

Suddenly there was a chorus of yells from the men and screams from the women. The men seized their spears, and the women brandished fierce-looking *bolos*, and the members of the party, looking behind them, saw that the ladders had been pulled up and that their means of retreat was cut off.

CHAPTER XII

Two days later saw the trim little vessel *West Virginia* steaming out of the harbor of Malabang with Captain Wilkins on the bridge, and on the deck waving good-by to friends on shore were Miss Dennison, Miss Saxton, Mrs. Baker, the wife of Lieutenant Baker, of Malabang, and Mr. Teller, the young American teacher. The somewhat alarming situation in which we left Captain Wilkins, Mr. Teller, and Lieutenant Brown in the residence of the tree dwellers had been terminated by a display of sundry American revolvers, which resulted in the restoration of the ladders to their appropriate places; and the party, after leisurely inspecting the tree dwellers and dwellings and assuring the former of their friendly intentions by sundry gifts of beads, needles, and colored cotton cloth, had made good their return to Lanao, whence the captain and Mr. Teller returned to Malabang. They found Lieutenant Baker's bungalow a heap of ruins, but fortunately nobody was hurt and no serious losses were sustained, the family

having already settled in another and even more comfortable building near by. Captain Wilkins's first act after arriving was to invite Mrs. Baker and her daughter to make the trip to Manila with him, and as Mrs. Baker desired to go to Japan for a change of climate, she gladly accepted the invitation for herself.

"You see, there is a limit to the time that one can remain in this continuous heat," she said to the Misses Dennison and Saxton; "and we find a trip to the mountains of Japan the most convenient way of getting a change of climate. The girls have already made the trip to Japan this year, so they can stay here; but I will accompany you to Manila and take a steamer there for Japan."

Mr. Teller, who had expected to devote himself to a study of conditions among his prospective pupils on his arrival at Malabang, found a telegram directing him to report at Manila for duty on the island of Luzon, and directing Captain Wilkins to bring him on the *West Virginia.*

So it was a light-hearted party of Americans who steamed out of Manila on that bright August morning, the steamer heading for Zamboanga, where a brief stop for orders was made.

"It looks," said Captain Wilkins, as he read his orders, which were brought him by the young officer

who had escorted Miss Dennison and Miss Saxton about Zamboanga, "it looks as though you were destined to see considerable of the Philippine Islands before reaching Manila. My orders are to sail for the island of Cebú, and from that island perhaps to others of the Visayan group. But I expect that my stop at each place will be short, and as we shall visit some of the largest cities and most interesting people of the Philippine Islands, I trust that you will not find the trip a tiresome one."

"I do not think that we shall find it tiresome," said Mrs. Baker, "for I have heard so many interesting things about the Visayan people that I for one am quite anxious to see them with my own eyes; and as for these young people who are to be teachers, I am sure they cannot do better than to see something of the various tribes and people of the islands."

Then the captain took the young officer aside, and after an earnest talk which lasted a considerable time, in which the name of Wallace Addison was mentioned and in which the captain made elaborate memoranda, the signal was given for the departure to the island and city of Cebú.

If the reader will again turn to his map of the Philippine Islands, he will see that the great island of Mindanao, on which occurred the incidents recorded in the last three chapters, lies at the southern

end of the Philippine chain, and Luzon at the northern end. They are the largest islands of the group, differing little in area, Luzon containing 41,000 square miles, being about equal to the State of Ohio, and Mindanao 36,000 square miles, about the size of the State of Indiana. The remaining islands of the group aggregate about 40,000 square miles, and thus the islands of Luzon and Mindanao have actually about two thirds of the total area of the Philippine group. Lying between Luzon and Mindanao the student of the map will see a body of water called the Visayan Sea, and in it a dozen or more islands of sufficient size to be shown on the map, the principal ones being Cebú, Negros, Panay, Bohol, Leyte, and Sámar. This group is known as the Visayan Islands. Cebú is in size about equal to the State of Delaware; Negros and Sámar are each about the size of Connecticut, and Leyte and Panay each a little less than Connecticut, but larger than Delaware.

"These Visayan Islands," said Captain Wilkins, when they had passed out of Zamboanga and were safely upon the high sea with no storm in sight, "these Visayan Islands which we are to visit are the homes of the Vesayan people, who form nearly one half of the population of the Philippine Islands, or, to be more accurate, about 40 per cent of the 7,500,000 people of the entire Philippine group."

"Do tell us about the various people or tribes of the island," said Miss Dennison. "I have been puzzling my brain trying to learn something about them, and have made such little progress in it that I am quite discouraged. I have read that there are fifty or sixty different tribes and languages, and if so, it seems quite hopeless to understand much about them."

"Yes, it would be rather discouraging if it were true," replied the captain, taking a seat where he could keep an eye on the barometer as he talked, for the Philippine archipelago is the home of the typhoon, and the barometer is under constant observation by every careful navigator in these waters. "The fact is," he added, after he had assured himself that the outlook was satisfactory, "the fact is that the number of tribes of any considerable importance is small, and the languages not so dissimilar as has been generally asserted."

He rose and took from a drawer a chart of the Philippine Islands and laid it on the little table about which the three prospective teachers gathered expectantly.

"This, I suppose, might be designated a normal school for Philippine teachers," he said with a smile. "Well, I am glad to be able to show you how simple it is. The total population of the Philippine Islands

is 7,500,000. Of that number about 7,000,000 are designated by the census as 'Christian,' or civilized, and about 500,000 as 'wild tribes.' By this is meant that 7,000,000 had come under the control of the Spaniards and accepted the doctrines of the Christian religion which they taught. Of these 7,000,000 who had come under Spanish control many have adopted more or less of the customs of European civilization. They live in fairly comfortable houses for this climate; they wear the sort of clothes that Europeans or Americans wear in hot climates; they have their farms and raise crops sufficient to supply them with food and something to spare; they have their systems of local government, and the recent census shows that about 44 per cent of those above ten years of age are able to read matter printed in their own or some other language."

"But it is said that there are so many tribes and so many languages that there is no way of communicating with them except by learning all of their languages," said Mr. Teller.

"I know that assertion has been made," said Captain Wilkins, "but it is, like many others, made by persons ignorant of the real facts or having their judgment warped by prejudice. It is true that there are many languages and dialects spoken on the islands and many tribes or divisions of people, but the

bulk of the Christian population consists of no more than about eight distinct groups or tribes, and the languages of these tribes are similar in many particulars."

"That looks more simple," said Miss Saxton, with an air of encouragement as she drew closer to the table.

"The first of these groups," continued Captain Wilkins, as he pointed again to the map, "is the Visayans, who number, as I have said, about 3,250,000 or nearly one half of the 7,000,000 people who were under Spanish control and designated as 'Christian,' or civilized tribes. They occupy the Visayan Islands, which we are about to visit. There are two subdivisions of the Visayan language, one spoken in the eastern islands of the group—Sámar, Leyte, Bohol, and Cebú; and the other in the western islands of the group—Panay, Negros, and several smaller groups of islands known as the Calamaines, the Cuyos, Palawan, and the southern part of Mindoro.

"Group No. 1, the Visayans, 3,250,000, and occupying the Visayan Islands," said Mr. Teller, making a memorandum.

"The second group," continued Captain Wilkins, "is the Tagalogs. They occupy the central part of the island of Luzon, both north and south of Manila.

The island of Luzon, you see by looking again at the map, is a very long one, and Manila, which lies on the west coast, is nearly as far northwest of the southern end as it is south of the northern end. The Tagalogs, who number about 1,500,000, are grouped around Manila and occupy a territory extending quite a distance southeast and northwest from that city. The Tagalogs are perhaps the most intelligent and progressive of all the tribes or groups of Filipino people, and you will be quite surprised, I think, to find how much of civilization and intelligence they have, and how thoroughly they have adopted the customs of European civilization.

"Group No. 2, the Tagalogs, 1,500,000, occupying the central portion of Luzon, in the section surrounding Manila," said Mr. Teller.

"The third group in order of magnitude," said Captain Wilkins, "is the Ilocanos, located in the northwest part of the island of Luzon. If you will look at this map of Luzon you will see that the northern portion is extremely mountainous. The Ilocanos occupy a narrow strip of country along the northwest coast and a few of them the interior. The mountainous interior of this part of the island is occupied by a wild tribe of which I will tell you after we get through with the eight Christian or civilized tribes. The Ilocanos number about 800,000.

"Group No. 3, the Ilocanos, 800,000, occupying the coast of northwest Luzon," said Mr. Teller.

"The fourth group in order of magnitude," continued Captain Wilkins, "is the Bicols. They number a little more than a half million, and are located in the extreme south of the island of Luzon.

"Group No. 4, the Bicols, about one half million, and occupying the extreme southern part of the island of Luzon," said Mr. Teller, solemnly adding this line to his table.

"The fifth group," said the Captain, "is the Pangasinians. They number about one third of a million and are located on the west coast of Luzon, just south of the Ilocanos, and extending a considerable distance into the interior.

"Group No. 5, the Pangasinians, about one third of a million, and located on the west coast of Luzon," said Mr. Teller.

"The sixth group is the Pampangans, about one fourth of a million in number. They occupy a small section of the island of Luzon along both sides of the Pampangan River and fronting on the northwest shore of Manila Bay, just across the bay from the city of Manila. They are a pretty well-advanced people in intelligence, ranking next to the Tagalogs. The Pampangan River, on which they are located, is navigable for small craft, and they are thus brought

into touch with the outside world, and as a result are of a higher order of intelligence than many others of the people of the islands."

"Group No. 6, the Pampangans, number about one fourth of a million, located on the northwest shore of Manila Bay," echoed Mr. Teller.

"The seventh group," continued the captain, turning to the map again, "is the Cagayanes, who number about 150,000 in all. They are located in the north part of Luzon and occupy the valley of Cagayan River, which is a stream of considerable importance. It is navigable about 150 miles for vessels drawing 3 feet of water, and for rafts 50 miles farther. The valley, which is very fertile, has an area of about 10,000 square miles. The Cagayanes thus have a considerable commerce, and are quite intelligent. The area along the mouth of the river, however, is occupied by a small group of Ilacanos, and hence the Cagayanes are almost entirely an interior people, differing in that particular from any of the other civilized tribes, which have in every case a frontage upon the ocean."

"Group No. 7, the Cagayanes, numbering about 150,000 and located in the interior of northern Luzon," murmured Mr. Teller, as he added a line to his statistical statement.

"The eighth and last group of the Christian or

civilized Filipinos," said the captain, "is the Zambalan or Zambales, as they are called. They are but about 50,000 in number, and occupy a small district on the west shore of Luzon, a little north of Manila Bay. They have a pretty good trade, for their section is fertile, and they can easily reach the markets of Manila.

"Group No. 8, the Zambales, 50,000, and located on the west shore of Luzon," said Mr. Teller, making his final line and beginning to add up the total.

"Yes," added Mr. Teller, as he made his footing, your statements prove. You said in the beginning that there were about 7,500,000 people in these islands, of which about 7,000,000 were Christians, or civilized, and a half million wild tribes. You have given us the Visayans, 3,250,000; the Tagalogs, 1,500,000; the Ilocanos, 800,000; the Bicols, a half million; the Pangasinians, one third of a million; the Pampangans, one fourth of a million; the Cagayanes, 150,000; and the Zambales, 50,000; and that foots up just about 7,000,000."

"I am glad to have my figures confirmed by such distinguished authority," said the captain with a laugh; "but of course you will understand that I have spoken in very round terms, and that where I said a quarter or a half million, or a million or

million and a half, the figures may be a little more or a little less, but I thought it better to put them in round terms, because they are less tiresome and more easily remembered."

"You have given us the eight groups into which the Christian or civilized 7,000,000 are divided," said Miss Dennison; "but how about the one half million non-Christian, or 'wild' tribes, as the census calls them."

"Well," replied the captain, glancing again at the barometer, "that is a simple story, or a complex one, just as you choose to consider it. About one half of the half million non-Christian, uncivilized, or 'wild' tribes are Moros, or Mohammedans, and, as you know, are located chiefly in the islands of Fulu and Mindanao, which we have visited. The next largest group of the wild people is the Igorrotes, about 200,000 in number, who occupy the mountainous part of northern Luzon. Another group of which we have heard a good deal is the Negritos, who are chiefly located in northeast Luzon, but some of them are found on the island of Mindanao and others of the islands. The Igorrotes and Negritos are looked upon as perhaps the least advanced in civilization of any of the wild tribes, but do not occupy the same area and are quite different in characteristics. The Igorrotes are large, well-developed people, with straight

black hair and yellow skins, and are believed by some to be of the same general stock as the 'hairy Ainu' of Japan and Formosa; while the Negritos are the smallest people on the island, less than five feet in stature, with woolly hair and black skins. In habits also the two groups are different. The Igorrotes are some of them warlike, and their greatest ambition is to take the heads of their enemies, hence they are called 'head hunters'; yet withal they are fairly industrious, and have developed a wonderful system of agriculture by the aid of irrigation in the mountain regions of Luzon which they occupy. The Negritos live chiefly on fruits, roots, and other natural products, including those of the chase, though they add to these vegetables and fruits grown in little patches of ground alongside their temporary houses, which are often built in the tops of trees and reached by ladders. There are a number of smaller tribes scattered through the mountainous sections of the islands, but they are such small groups that they are of little importance in a general analysis of the population of the islands. Indeed, these three groups which I have named—the Moros, the Igorrotes, and the Negritos—get much more attention in print than their numbers would seem to justify, as the number of Moros in the entire Philippine group is but 277,000, or about 3 per cent of the total population; while

the Igorrotes number but about 200,000 and the Negritos about 25,000."

"I don't understand," said Miss Saxton, "how it is that these people in the Philippine Islands are broken up into so many tribes and have so many different languages. You have told us that they are practically all of one original stock—the Malays, except the Negritos, who are perhaps the original people."

"That is another story," said the captain, rising and placing the map in its place in the table drawer, "which I cannot discuss to-day, for I see the peaks of Cebú rising in the distance and hope to have an opportunity to show you soon some of the Visayan people and one of the most densely populated islands of the Philippine group."

CHAPTER XIII

A FEW hours later the *West Virginia* sailed quietly into the harbor of the little city of Cebú. There was the usual collection of small native rowboats, which came racing out to meet the vessel, the occupants shouting and pulling at the oars in their haste to be first to reach the side of the vessel.

"What makes them so anxious to get here first?" asked Miss Saxton as she stood on the deck of the vessel and saw the race in which a score of native boats were vying with each other in the effort to be the first at the side of the vessel.

"The same rivalry which goes on everywhere," said Captain Wilkins, "the race for a chance to earn a penny or a dollar. The people who affirm that the Filipino is lazy should see the eagerness with which he struggles for an opportunity to earn money. He may be satisfied with a smaller quantity of it than others who have had a more practical experience than he has, but certainly he is usually ready to take up any kind of work and compete for an opportunity to earn by it."

By this time the little rowboats had drawn up alongside of the steamer and the occupants were offering their services to transport passengers or freight on shore, while a dozen garmentless boys swam round and round the vessel, clamoring for an opportunity to dive for coins.

Soon the captain's launch, a trim little boat capable of carrying a dozen people, was in the water, the little gasoline engine which operated it set the propellers in motion, and the captain and his guests took their places in it, headed for the dock. As they set foot on shore they encountered a group of natives with brown faces and straight black hair and clad in white coats and trousers, with white hats resembling those known in the United States as "Panama." The women wore skirts of some bright color —pink, red, or yellow—and above these jackets of thin, semitransparent material, with huge sleeves which set out at the shoulders like wings. They all stood in respectful silence as the party landed, the drivers of the little two-wheeled passenger vehicles standing expectantly whip in hand at the side of their ponies.

"What a nice-looking lot of people," said Miss Saxton. "Why, they look quite civilized, and very different from those that we saw in the islands of Sulu and Mindanao."

"Yes," replied the captain; "you now begin to see the Filipino as he is, and you will, I think, be agreeably surprised when you contrast him with the people you have seen in Egypt and India and the Malayan Peninsula."

In a few moments two *carromatas*, drawn by sturdy little ponies, had been engaged for a drive about the city. As they passed up the long street which forms the principal business thoroughfare of the place, the young ladies were surprised to see many stone and frame business buildings of considerable size, and at the doors, attracted by the visit of the strangers, stood the proprietors, some of them evidently Americans, others English, others Spanish, and still others Germans; while in the doors of the smaller shops stood prosperous-looking Chinamen, and in still others well-dressed men and women whose faces proclaimed them Filipinos.

"You see," said the captain, as the *carromatas* halted in a shady spot after a drive through the principal street, "there are a good many foreigners in business here. The island of Cebú is a great producer of hemp and tobacco and sugar, and this city of Cebú is the principal market and place of shipment of these products, and as there were many Spanish and English and Germans in business here when the Americans took possession of the islands many

STREET SCENE IN A FILIPINO CITY.

of them have remained. The Englishman or German, especially the latter, when he enters business in such a place as this, settles down to devote his entire time and attention to the business, and to make himself permanently a part of the country. You will find them here and at Iloilo and other places on the islands, especially in Manila, and you will be surprised, I think, at the evidences, not only of prosperity, but the comfortable manner in which they live."

And so it was, for as they drove through the residence part of the city and along the hills overlooking the bay, they found beautiful bungalows nestling in groves of palms, their owners clad in white and sitting contentedly on the verandas, with *punkas* swinging over their heads. As the sun sank toward the horizon, the mass of clouds was lighted up with the most gorgeous colors, which reminded them of the beautiful sunset which they had witnessed at Zamboanga. A little later they turned into a well-paved street lined with stately trees, along which were being driven carriages drawn by handsome horses, with native drivers clad in brown linen liveries trimmed with red, while upon the seats of the open carriages were the families of prosperous merchants taking the cool air of the evening. Falling in with the procession, they soon found themselves in a park filled with

people dressed in white, gathered about a music stand from which a Filipino band in snowy uniforms discoursed excellent music.

"The Filipino is a natural musician and a great lover of music," said the captain, "and you find native bands and native music in every town of any importance."

After a half hour spent in listening to the music and studying the throng of people who passed and repassed, they turned their faces toward the harbor.

"This has been an afternoon of surprises," said Miss Dennison, as they found themselves again on the deck of the *West Virginia*. "I did not expect to find here so many evidences of civilization of the kind to which we are accustomed, nor so large and prosperous a place."

"Yes," said the captain, "the island of Cebú is one of the most densely populated of the Philippine group and its people are industrious and prosperous. The island has a population of 650,000, or about the same as that of the State of Maine, while the area is less than that of the State of Delaware. You will get some idea of the crowded condition of the island when I tell you that the population averages 337 per square mile, while the average population per square mile in the United States is but 26; so that the population of Cebú Island is about twelve times

as dense as that of the United States as a whole. Even this little city of Cebú has a population of about 20,000.

"We must be up early to-morrow," continued the captain, "for I want to take you to the historic spot where Magellan, the discoverer of the Philippine Islands, made his landing, and also to the spot where he lost his life. His memory is revered by the people here, and especially by those of Spanish descent, for, although he was Portuguese by birth, his discovery of these islands was made in the service of Spain. The Pope, you know, had given to Portugal all the territory which it might discover at the East as far as a certain meridian, and to Spain the lands which she might discover at the west as far as that meridian. Magellan believed that the Molucca, or Spice Islands, were in the area given to Spain, and proposed to reach them by sailing to the west across the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and it was in an attempt to carry out this undertaking that he discovered the Philippine group. He touched first at the little island of Homonhon on March 16, 1521, but continued on to this island, where he landed, set up a cross and took possession in the name of Spain. From this place he went to the little island of Mactán, which lies just across the harbor here, and there he lost his life in a conflict with the natives. His vessels

went on after a short stay here, and one of them, the *Victoria*, continued the voyage to the west by way of India and around the southern cape of Africa to Spain, thus making the first trip around the world. It was not until 1565, however, that the Spanish Government actually took possession of the islands and set up their first colony; and it was at this very spot that they did so, continuing this place as their headquarters until 1571, when Manila was taken and the headquarters of Spanish authority transferred there. So you see, you are on historic ground, the site of the landing of Magellan and the place at which he lost his life; also the seat of the first Spanish government set up in these islands."

They were up betimes the next morning, and after breakfast a short run with their little launch brought them to the tiny island of Mactán, where they visited the monument to Magellan, erected on the spot where he was killed in the conflict with the natives. Then they returned to the town of Cebú, where they were conducted to a curious little pavilion which marks the place where Magellan erected a cross and took possession of the country in the name of the Spanish sovereign. The following day they visited the principal church, where they found morning services in progress and a line of people coming and going, entering or leaving the church. The

seats in the central part of the edifice were occupied by well-dressed men and women with the Spanish cast of countenance, while on the tiled floor at the rear of the seats scores of Filipino men and women knelt, muttering their prayers and counting their beads. Along the wall, composed of white glazed tiles, stood rows of young men in spotless suits of white, listening to the music produced from an organ with bamboo pipes and played by a neatly dressed Filipino who manipulated the pedals with bare feet. From the church they passed to the school building just alongside, but found it unoccupied owing to the fact that the day was a *fiesta*, or feast day, and hence a holiday for the school.

As they were leaving the school building they noticed that many of the Filipino men whom they passed on the street were each carrying a full-grown male chicken under his arm and that others who accompanied them seemed to be in a state of considerable excitement, talking in their native language, gesticulating, and giving careful attention to the fowls of varying plumage which were being carried.

"I suppose these people have been to market and are hurrying home with their purchases," said Miss Saxton.

"By no means," said the captain; "these roosters which you see them carrying are not market birds,

but gamecocks. Cockfighting is a favorite sport with the Filipinos, taking the place, with them, of the bullfight in Spain. This is a *fiesta*, and they are going to have a cockfight in this inclosure which you see on the opposite side of the street."

As they passed the door of the inclosure, they saw a crowd of men pushing and struggling for an opportunity to pay their admission fee and enter the building. As each man handed his coin to the gatekeeper he placed his foot on a block just beside that functionary, who stamped upon the bare foot a figure, which served as a ticket to show that the wearer had paid his admission fee and was entitled to visit any part of the building and join in the betting on the numerous cockfights which were in store for the day.

"This cockfighting habit extends to all classes of people, I am sorry to say," said the captain, "and no effort was made under the Spaniards to discourage it. You teachers will have an opportunity to impress your pupils and their families with the importance of cultivating different habits."

As he said this a messenger from the *West Virginia* approached and, saluting respectfully, handed the captain a cablegram which, after excusing himself, he opened.

"Hallo," he said as he read it, "this is a change

in plans and seems to call for more exploration than we had bargained for."

"Nothing serious, I hope, captain," said Mrs. Baker with a look of anxiety on her face. "I have seen so many cablegrams and so many sudden changes in the plans of army and navy people as a consequence of them that I am always nervous when I see one coming."

"This is not at all serious," replied the captain. "It merely directs me to proceed in person to the interior of this island to attend to some business for the Government, and will only mean a delay of a day of two. You ladies will be perfectly comfortable on the *West Virginia*, and I will ask Captain King, who is in command of the naval station here, to look after your welfare while I am absent. Captain King was formerly in command of the *West Virginia*, and knows the vessel from stem to stern, and will take as good care of you as I possibly could, and he will be assisted by Mrs. King, who is with him."

"I think we may feel pretty safe in that respect," said Mrs. Baker, "for I know Captain and Mrs. King very well, and can assure these young ladies that we shall be well cared for if they are charged with our protection during the absence of Captain Wilkins."

A half hour later all doubts were settled, though Captain and Mrs. King had insisted upon the ladies being guests at their bungalow during Captain Wilkins's absence, and Captain Wilkins the more readily yielded to the request of Mr. Teller that he be permitted to participate in the trip to the interior of the island.

They started at daylight the next morning on the backs of a couple of sturdy ponies of the type which are found on the islands, accompanied by two guides and an attendant in charge of their baggage. Their first plans for the trip included a *carromata* instead of the saddles, but an inquiry regarding the condition of the roads and bridges soon showed them that the use of the *carromata* at any considerable distance in the interior could not be relied upon.

As they rode through the country they found on either side the lands divided into small fields, here a patch of rice well advanced and nearly ready for the sickle; there another, young and of a bright, vivid green color; and still other patches only just visible above the water with which the land had been flooded by irrigating ditches which brought the water from a small mountain stream some distance away. In another field the land was just being prepared for planting, with wooden plows pulled by *carabao*, which moved slowly through the sea of mud, sinking

WORKING IN THE RICE-FIELDS.

to their knees at every step, their drivers clad only in a garment composed of a long strip of cotton cloth wrapped about the waist and hips and drawn between the legs, the heads covered by huge umbrella-shaped hats, which protected the head and shoulders from the rays of the sun. In the little fields in which the rice was nearing the state ready for harvesting, long lines made of *bejuco*, or rattan, had been strung on posts and pieces of cloth attached. These lines were connected with another running at right angles and reaching to a little *nipa*-covered hut in which sat a Filipino boy who by a gentle pull on the line kept the pieces of cloth in motion, thus preventing the destruction of the rice by the birds which lingered in the tree tops near by, hoping that the lad might fall asleep at his task and permit a descent upon the field.

Other little patches of land were devoted to *camotes*, or sweet potatoes, others to corn, and as they passed farther on they found larger fields devoted to sugar cane, tobacco, and upon the mountainsides fields of hemp, and among them men and women at work cultivating the growing crops or harvesting those which had reached the condition for marketing.

"I don't understand where the people live," said Mr. Teller, as they rode on among these fields covered with growing crops and dotted here and there with busy workers. "There are fields and fields

and men and women at work in them, but I don't see any houses."

"We shall come to their villages soon," replied the captain. "The people on these islands do not live in single dwellings on their farms, as the farmers do in our own country. They live in little villages or groups of houses, perhaps a score or two of families in a group. This has always been their custom, and it is the custom in most parts of the East and, indeed, in many of the countries of Europe. It doubtless originated in the necessity of coöperation in defense against robbers and wild animals. You would scarcely think, to travel through this country for miles without seeing a habitation, that the island is thickly populated; but in fact it is one of the most densely populated of the group. Its total area is but 1,760 square miles, or less than that of the State of Delaware, but it has a population of 653,000, making the average population 336 per square mile, which is more than fourteen times as great as the average density in the United States, and only exceeded by the State of Rhode Island with 407 per square mile and Massachusetts with 349 per square mile."

As they proceeded it became apparent that they were approaching one of the villages occupied by the farmers through whose little estates they had been

passing. The natives moving along the road increased in numbers, some of them traveling on foot, others riding on *carabao* or in carts drawn by those faithful but slow-moving beasts. Women moved along the roadside carrying huge loads of fruit or products of the farm or forest in trays or baskets balanced upon their heads, a baby seated astride the hips and held in position by the left arm of the mother, while others of their children, clad only in the garb of nature, indulged in childish sports and games quite similar to those of children in the rural communities in America. Girls walking along the roadside carried on their shoulders long bamboo poles, which the captain explained were filled with water, this being the usual method of its transportation for household purposes.

As they reached the village a score or two of neat *nipa* houses ranged on either side of the road came into view. Each house had its little plat of ground utilized as a garden, with beans, potatoes, onions, and sweet potatoes growing in profusion. There were numbers of small shops by the roadside, with little stacks of bright-colored cloths, pins, needles, discarded beer bottles filled with kerosene oil, soap, tobacco, *tuba*, and the inevitable betel nut, with lime and *buyo* leaves to accompany it. Women sitting upon the ground with mats spread before them of-

fered their little stocks of bananas, mangoes, and other fruits, green corn just pulled from the stalks, *camotes*, beans, and rice. A good-sized church, a little removed from the roadside, stood with open doors, through which the passers could see the candles burning upon the altars and the worshipers kneeling upon the stone floor. Pigs and chickens in profusion roamed at will about the village, dogs barked at passers or scurried away alarmed at the sight of strangers, monkeys scrambled up the trees and chattered and scolded from a safe distance, and parrots swinging in cages conversed in the Visayan language or exchanged compliments with their uncivilized neighbors perched in trees near by, while flocks of crows cawed noisily from the tree tops.

"This," said the captain, "is what is known as a *barrio*. The Filipino governmental unit, under the old Spanish system, was the *pueblo*, which had as its center a town or city of from five hundred to several thousand inhabitants, and attached to it and under the control of the *presidente*, or mayor, were these little villages, called *barrios*, some of them a mile, some two or three or five miles away. This system of government was established as the most convenient and practical, and had as a part of its purpose the bringing of the people under control of the larger churches which were located in the cen-

tral town, the residence of the *presidente.* There are primary schools in the larger of the *barrios,* and those of a more advanced order in the central town or city of the *pueblo.*"

As the day advanced and the heat of the sun became more intense, the ponies began to show signs of fatigue, and by the time they had reached the little city at the center of the island to which Captain Wilkins's duties called him, it was apparent that the ponies could not be relied upon for the return trip. To add to their embarrassment, they found on arrival that the official with whom the captain must communicate had been called that morning to Toledo, a town on the western coast of the island, and that the only available conveyance in which they could follow him was a *carabao* cart, which they promptly engaged, sending one of the guards back to Cebú with a request to Captain King that he bring the *West Virginia* around the island and meet them at Toledo.

CHAPTER XIV

Travel by the aid of the *carabao* has not all of the comfort or speed of the Pullman car and the limited express train. The *carabao* is naturally a slow-moving beast. It would be difficult to find an animal more deliberate in its movements. His legs are extremely short, his feet extremely broad, his body round and heavy, his hide thick and whip-proof, and in disposition as well as build he is deliberate. There is but one thing to which he is sensitive, and that is long-continued heat combined with absence of water. He can endure the tropical heat and pull heavy loads under the blazing midday sun if he can have occasional opportunity to immerse himself in water or wallow in the mud. If he can do this he is tractable, patient, and while exceedingly slow is a faithful and valuable animal for transportation of "slow freights," and as a last resort acceptable to those who must travel and can find no other means of conveyance.

This was the condition in which Captain Wilkins

and Mr. Teller found themselves when their ponies succumbed to the fatigue of the journey and left them stranded in the midst of the island of Cebú with no transportation available other than a *carabao* cart which was passing that way, and whose driver readily agreed to take them and their belongings to Toledo, on the west coast of the island, for a modest compensation. The *padre* of the *barrio* church, hearing of their plight, came to their assistance and offered them the courtesy of beds and food in his comfortable quarters, and the next morning they were off at daylight, hoping to make the remaining distance during the day and meet the *West Virginia,* which they expected to find in the harbor by the time of their arrival at Toledo.

All went well for the first two hours. The *carabao* had been well fed over night and proceeded at a pace which Mr. Teller estimated at about two miles per hour, which may be considered quite a "burst of speed" for the *carabao.* As the sun grew hot, however, he began to develop a disposition to turn off the road and make for the streams which they could occasionally hear splashing over some rocky places, and it was only by jumping off his seat and pushing the head and shoulders of the great beast back into the road that the driver was able to prevent a mad rush by the *carabao* through the thicket. The ve-

hicle to which the animal was attached was extremely simple—two huge wooden wheels made by sawing off the end of a great log and attached to a mahogany axle from which bamboo shafts extended to the yoke, and on this axle a bamboo frame covered with an awning of palm leaves, which protected the passengers from the blazing sun. As the heat grew more intense the *carabao* became more unmanageable, and when a shallow pool of water came into view by a turn of the road he threw off all restraint and, changing from his slow pace to a quick trot, raced madly toward the water despite the efforts of his driver to the contrary, and plunging in dropped contentedly into the water and mud. The captain and Mr. Teller, seeing that the driver was no longer able to control him, made a quick jump as the cart neared the edge of the water and narrowly escaped being immersed with the *carabao*. The driver, seeing that he was no longer able to control his beast, concluded to make a virtue of necessity, and springing into the shallow water in which the *carabao* had laid himself down used his hands as a basin, throwing the water over that part of the animal not already covered by the mud or water of the pool. After a few minutes spent in this way, the animal was persuaded to rise and resume his place in the road, dripping with mud and water, but evidently refreshed and ready for

another movement toward Toledo. As the hours passed, however, the experience was renewed again and again, but with the satisfaction of feeling that each one brought them nearer to the end of their journey; and as the sun was setting they saw, lying at their feet in the valley below them, the pretty little town of Toledo, and beyond it the blue sea, and in the dim distance the mountains of the island of Negros. As they entered the town they were met by a messenger from the telegraph office who handed Captain Wilkins a telegram which stated that the *West Virginia* was on her way from the harbor of Cebú and would reach Toledo before midnight.

It was a mud-bespattered pair of men who hailed the *West Virginia* at daylight the next morning. The frequent tropical showers of the two days' trip across the island had left the natty white suit of Captain Wilkins a wrinkled mass of anything but pleasing appearance, and the frequent contact with Cebú mud, a result of the mad rushes of the *carabao* during the second day of the journey, had intensified what Mr. Teller designated as its "picturesqueness." On the other hand, the dignified outing suit in which Mr. Teller had expected to teach the Filipino lessons in dress as well as English had yielded to the effect of frequent drenchings from tropical showers and

dryings in the tropical sun, until its owner was scarcely able to recognize it. Even the guide and the *carabao* driver were worn out and as limp as Captain Wilkins's white suit. Only the *carabao* was cool and self-composed. His sides glistened with a fresh coat of mud from the last roadside pool, his slender tail switched vigorously, bespattering the faces and garments of the occupants of the cart and gathering fresh supplies of mud from his sides at each wave of that useful but vexatious appendage, while his jaws moved with clocklike regularity as he chewed the cud of contentment.

Two hours later the steamer was under way, and the captain and Mr. Teller, bathed, freshly shaven, and clad in immaculate white suits, sat down to breakfast with the ladies and Captain King, who had successfully brought the *West Virginia* around the island. It was arranged that Captain King should accompany the party to Iloilo, where he would be able to take a return steamer direct to the city of Cebú.

They coasted along the eastern and northern shores of the island of Negros, and then turning to the south passed along its western shore. The scenery was grand and inspiring. At places the mountains came down to the water's edge, with bold, picturesque rocks extending almost perpendicularly hundreds of

feet above the surface of the ocean, whose dashing waves had cut deep caverns in the rock during the centuries in which they never ceased their work. At other places the land sloped gently down to the water's edge, covered with palms, bananas, and luxurious tropical vegetation. Nestling among these were little plantations of spices, pepper, cinnamon, and indigo, and in the forests the natives were busily engaged in gathering various gums, copal, India rubber, and other products of this character, for which they found a ready market among the Chinese traders at the little villages, or *barrios*, along the coast and in the interior. Scattered along the coast were numerous outlying islands, some of a considerable area and others but a few acres of rocks. Far up the sides of these rocks, both on the little islets and on the shores of the larger islands, there were hollows or caverns, and from the deck of the vessel the ladies, looking with a glass, could see men carefully scaling the precipitous sides of these cliffs or being let down from the top and entering these caverns.

"These men," explained Captain Wilkins, "are engaged in gathering edible birds' nests. You have read of edible birds' nests, of course. Well, they are made by a swallow or swift of the humming-bird variety, which forms the nests of a gelatinous gum of a white color and locates them in these dark cav-

erns. It was formerly supposed that the gum used in making these nests was gathered from trees or grasses or seaweed, but it is now believed that it is a secretion produced by a special gland with which these peculiar birds are provided. Whatever the method by which the nests are made, they are extremely popular among the Chinese as an article of food and also for medical purposes, and are used in making soups by the wealthy Chinese in Pekin, Shanghai, Canton, and other fashionable centers of that country. They are gathered by natives who make a special study of climbing these steep mountainsides or reaching the caverns from the tops of the rocks by the aid of bamboo ladders or lines made of *bejuco* or rattan. The nests, when taken before they have been used by the birds, sell readily at about $12 Mexican per dozen, and are sent to China and to Singapore, where also there are many wealthy Chinese. The nests which have been occupied by the birds are also taken, and after being carefully washed are sold at a somewhat less price.

"You said that they sold for $12 Mexican a dozen," said Miss Saxton; "I do not fully understand what you mean by Mexican. I have noticed the use of that term frequently in speaking of prices or money transactions, especially in Singapore, where we stopped a couple of days. It was explained to us

by a native money changer at Singapore, but I could not understand it very well."

"Simple enough," replied the captain. "The Mexican dollar has long been the standard of currency in the Orient. It was brought to these islands during the time when the trade between the islands and Spain was carried on by way of Mexico, and became the accepted standard of currency here. Then it began to come into use along the coast of China, which did a large business with the Philippine Islands a century or so ago, before the Europeans had located themselves along the eastern Asiatic coast, and from China its use as a standard of currency extended down the coast as far as the Straits Settlements. Then, as the need for currency increased more rapidly than the supply from Mexico, other silver coins of about the same size and appearance were also utilized. As the Mexican dollar had a little more silver in it than the American dollar, the United States Government made a special trade dollar of the same weight as the Mexican dollar, for use in trade with China and other Oriental countries; and the British Government also coined special dollars of about the same weight and appearance for their colonies in this part of the world, including Hongkong and the Straits Settlements. But all these various dollars are known as Mexican dollars because

they have about the same amount of silver in them, and their value is about the same as that of the Mexican dollar. The ordinary silver dollar of the United States has a fixed value guaranteed at 100 cents in gold by the Government, while the Mexican dollar is worth whatever the silver in it will bring from day to day, according to the market price of silver. So it is necessary, in speaking of a dollar, to indicate whether you are talking about the United States dollars, whose value is guaranteed at 100 cents in gold, or the Mexican and other silver dollars, whose value is not guaranteed by the Government which issued them and is constantly fluctuating. If you mean a gold dollar, you add the word 'gold' after stating the number of dollars; if you mean one of the silver coins which is not guaranteed by the Government issuing it, you add the word 'Mexican' after stating the number of dollars, because the Mexican dollar is the type of all currency of that character in this part of the world, whether the coin is in fact Mexican or some other coin of about the same weight and fineness, but not guaranteed at any fixed valuation by the Government which issued it. The currency of these islands has, however, been placed upon a gold basis since the United States Government assumed control here. The silver coin called the Peso was the money in general use under Spanish

control, but it fluctuated in value with the changes in the price of silver, much as the Mexican dollar did. Now the standard unit of currency is a gold peso equal in value to one half of a United States gold dollar, and the new silver pesos are maintained at the same value as the gold peso."

"You spoke of a time when trade was carried on between these islands and Spain by way of Mexico," said Miss Dennison.

"Yes, that was before the time of steamships and the Suez Canal, when the trip from Spain to these islands had to be made by way of the China Sea, the Malay Peninsula, the Indian Ocean, and the southern cape of Africa, and when it was found more convenient and much safer to carry on the trade between these islands and Spain across the Pacific Ocean to Mexico, thence across Mexico by land, and thence across the Atlantic to Spain. At that time there were no steamships, for you know the first steamship crossed the Atlantic less than one hundred years ago. Besides, the danger of navigation through the China Sea and the Malayan Archipelago was much greater, both from typhoons and from pirates, than was the case on the Pacific or the Atlantic."

As they rounded the northern coast of the island of Negros, the nose of the vessel pointed again to the south.

"We shall have to pass down the western side of Negros," said the captain, "for I have a short stop to make at Valladolid, on the west coast of the island, and at Iloilo, on the east coast of Panay, the island lying just west of Negros."

As they passed down the western side of the island they saw evidence of great industrial activity. The lands along the coast and extending back into the interior as far as the eye could reach were fields of sugar cane, rice, and hemp. The people were busy in their fields or on the roads over which their products were transported to market, and the chimneys of great sugar factories showed that they were now in the sugar-producing section of the Philippine group.

"The island of Negros is the greatest sugar producer of the entire Philippine group," said the captain, as they passed mile after mile and saw long trains of carts transporting the cane to the mills and others hauling the finished sugar to the little coast towns for shipment to Manila, whence the surplus is sent to Hongkong, Japan, and the United States.

"How curious," said Miss Saxton, "that sugar should be carried halfway around the world from these islands to our markets in the United States. I have heard it said that the United States could produce all of the sugar that its people required

from sugar beets. I wonder why it is that it sends this long distance to get sugar from the Philippine Islands if it can be made at home so easily."

"Oh, there you are calling up a big question, and one which our own statesmen have discussed a good deal and are still discussing," said the captain with a laugh. "It is too big for me, and especially now, for I see that we are about reaching the port of Valladolid, where we must make a short stop, and go thence across to Iloilo, where Captain King is to meet the steamer which will take him home." On the sugar question," he added, by way of closing the discussion, "I can only say that the United States now buys from $75,000,000 to $100,000,000 worth of sugar a year from foreign countries, besides what is supplied by the Philippine Islands, Hawaii, and Porto Rico, and by the beet and canefields at home; and several million dollars worth of this imported sugar comes from Java, which is only a little distance south of these islands."

"What a lot of sugar the people of the United States must be consuming, then," said Miss Dennison, "if they use all that the beet and cane plantations at home grow, and all that is sent from the Philippine Islands, Hawaii, and Porto Rico, and then have to buy from foreign countries from $75,000,000 to $100,000,000 worth a year besides."

"Yes, the United States consumes more sugar than any other country of the world," said the captain, "and the people use on an average about seventy pounds per capita per annum; or, in other words, the average American consumes about one half his own weight in sugar each year of his life."

As he said this, the vessel rounded a sharp point of the island, and there before their eyes lay the pretty little city of Valladolid, a place of about 10,000 inhabitants, the very center of a great and rich sugar-producing country. The docks were crowded with people busily engaged in loading sugar and hemp upon the little vessels lying alongside, or transporting it in barges called "lighters" to the large vessels lying out in the harbor. On the streets the *carabao* carts loaded with hemp from the farms or sugar from the factories, whose smokestacks were visible in the distance, moved slowly to the docks, and, having discharged their freights, turned their heads again to the country. Many small boats, filled with fish, turtles, sea slugs, and other products of the sea, crowded their way about the wharves, their occupants shouting and clamoring for a place and for opportunity to offer their wares to the floating population and to those on shore.

"Valladolid is a busy place," said Captain Wilkins, as they turned the head of the vessel toward

the setting sun and headed for Iloilo. "The island of Negros, you see, produces nearly one half of the sugar made in the Philippine Islands, and is increasing its production of hemp also. It has a population of nearly half a million, and is in area about the size of the State of Connecticut; and the people are a busy lot, full of energy and activity. They have some good roads, the sugar plantations are large, and the factories are in good condition; the hemp, sugar, tobacco, and fruits which the island produces bring large sums of money into the hands of the people here. The godowns are always full of sugar and hemp for exportation, and of miscellaneous goods imported for sale to the prosperous people of the island."

"Godowns," echoed Mr. Teller; "what are godowns?"

"Godowns," said the captain with a laugh, "is the word universally used in this part of the world to indicate a warehouse or storehouse. You hear no other word used in speaking of warehouses in any part of the East, and the chances are if you were to use the word 'warehouse' here the people would not understand what you mean."

"What a curious word to use for warehouse," said Mr. Teller.

"It does seem so to us," replied the captain, "and

there are various explanations given for its adoption for this purpose. The word seems to have originated in India, and one theory is that the English traders in that country in the early days stored their goods in the cellars or basements under their places of business, and as they had to go down to get them, the word 'godown' gradually came to be used for the storehouse. Another explanation, and probably more nearly correct, is that the Dutch, who were pioneer traders in the East, you know, have a word similar to 'godown' which means warehouse, and that in this manner the warehouse or storehouse came to be called a godown. Still another explanation is that the Malay word for storehouse is 'godown,' or something quite similar in sound. Whatever may be the history of the adoption of this term as a designation for storehouse or warehouse, it is a fact that all structures of this character are called by the name 'godown' in India, Ceylon, the Malayan Peninsula, Java, China, Japan, the Philippine Islands, and in the East generally."

As they landed in Iloilo a couple of hours later they found it a busy, bustling place, with large stores and godowns and a general appearance of prosperity and activity. Large and prosperous-looking stores with English, German, Spanish, and American management lined the principal business street,

telegraph and telephone wires stretched from pole to pole or house to house, the streets were filled with busy, active people, and the American passengers from the *West Virginia* rubbed their eyes in astonishment at the evidences of European and American enterprise. But they still realized that they were not in America when they saw the quaint little *carabao* carts with awnings of *nipa* leaves, the Filipino men hurrying about the streets with gamecocks under their arms, the white suits, the broad, umbrella-shaped hats, and the women and even children smoking black cigars of immense proportions.

Captain King, who was well acquainted in the place, and able to communicate in the Spanish language, entered into negotiations for the only four-wheeled vehicle capable of carrying the entire party, and, leaving Captain Wilkins to attend to business, drove with the ladies and Mr. Teller through the town to the *barrios* which formed its suburbs. They found it a remarkably pretty place, especially the *barrios* of Jaro, Molo, and Oton, where there were handsome residences on broad streets lined with palms and other tropical trees, large and handsome churches; and in Jaro a fine cathedral and large Episcopal palace and seminary fronted upon a well-kept plaza. The native houses were of the usual *nipa*

type, with bamboo sides and floors, standing on posts several feet above the ground. Within many of the houses, or under little shelters adjoining them, were hand looms for the weaving of cloth, being operated in nearly every case by native women.

"This is the place where the celebrated *jussi* and *pina* cloths are made," said Captain King, "and I am glad to be able to show you the process of manufacture, for they are very popular among the ladies who visit the Philippine Islands, as well as among those of the natives who can afford it. The *jussi* cloth is woven from the fibers of the hemp, to which, also, filaments of imported silk are sometimes added. The cloth thus manufactured is used for women's dresses and sometimes for shirts for men. The *pina* cloth is made of the fiber of the leaves of the pineapple plant, and is a soft, delicate, diaphanous fabric of glossy, silky appearance, made in various colors, and is much used for women's garments and for scarfs, handkerchiefs, etc., and when embroidered with the skill which the Filipino woman displays is very popular with visitors and natives."

After a half hour spent in examining the methods of producing the attractive and popular products of Philippine industry, and witnessing the weaving which is in all cases performed by hand looms, the

party returned to the *West Virginia*, the ladies carrying with them sundry rolls of the beautiful, filmy material, which they had purchased after witnessing the process of manufacture.

"And now," said Captain Wilkins, as they bade Captain King good-by and took their places on the deck of the vessel, "we are off for Manila. We have spent enough time in these southern and central islands of the group; let us now take a look at the city of Manila, with its quarter of a million people, and at the island of Luzon, which has one third of the area and one half of the population of the entire Philippine group."

But these plans for an early visit to Manila were doomed to disappointment. The anchor had just been raised and the propellers had begun to revolve, when a signal gun on shore sounded, a flag was waved, and in a moment a little launch bearing the flag of the commander of the post put off from land and headed for the *West Virginia*. As it arrived, a messenger ran nimbly up the rope ladder thrown to him and, saluting respectfully, handed the captain a cablegram which he hurriedly tore open and read as follows:

"Steamer from Hongkong with Daniel Patterson and others on board driven ashore in a typhoon

and wrecked in Lingayen Gulf. Patterson and others reached land, but not since heard from. Feared may have fallen into hands of Igorrote head-hunters. You are directed to go to their relief at once."

CHAPTER XV

The excitement on board the *West Virginia* after the contents of Captain Wilkins's cablegram became known can be better imagined than described. Captain Wilkins was at first inclined to conceal the facts from his passengers, knowing that it would give them the greatest uneasiness, especially those who were personally acquainted with and friends of Daniel Patterson. On reflection, however, he thought that he ought to consult them, the more so as he must not only make all speed to the point of the disaster, but might be compelled himself to go in search of the missing men and leave his guests on board the vessel. His judgment in this particular was confirmed by that of his chief officer and by Mr. Teller, whom he consulted separately before reaching a final determination. Then, with the *West Virginia* leaving the harbor of Iloilo at a plunging pace, the sparks flying from the smokestacks, and the engineers and firemen instructed to maintain the highest speed consistent with safety, he quietly informed the ladies of the

facts stated in the cablegram, omitting, however, the allusions to the head-hunting Igorrotes and substituting the more general and less alarming term "natives." His surprise on hearing that Daniel Patterson was in the Philippine Islands was shared by the Misses Dennison and Saxton, who, of course, had had no word from him since they saw him fall, wounded, into the arms of the policeman on the dock at New York.

"I don't see how it can be that Daniel Patterson is in this part of the world," said Miss Dennison, "for he had no expectation of leaving home. Are you sure that the cablegram said Daniel Patterson?"

"Quite sure," said the captain. "There can be no doubt of that. Of course there are probably more Daniel Pattersons in the world than the one you and I know, but there is no reason that this name should have been mentioned to me in this cablegram except that it was recognized by my superior officer as that of my personal friend. It happened that he was present when Dan and I offered our services together to the Government, and he took a great interest in Dan, and I have no doubt that it is that fact which led him to notify me of this terrible thing."

There was little sleep on the *West Virginia* that night. The engines were urged to their highest

speed, and the stout little ship quivered from stem to stern as she responded to the rapid revolution of the propellers. The waves dashed over the bow of the vessel and covered the decks with their spray; the little groups of islands seemed to glide by as if in haste to take themselves out of the way of this vessel which was racing to save the lives of imperiled men; the gulls flapped excitedly and screamed their surprise at the spectacle of this great leviathan rushing through the waters at such speed, breathing sparks from its nostrils and scattering everything before it as it went. Luckily the night was a fine one. The sea was comparatively smooth, the full moon rendering every object visible, and the American girls, despite their anxiety, were impressed with the beauty of the scene, as they anxiously paced the decks clad in waterproof garments and counted the hours as they passed and the leagues marked by the log, which they in their long voyage had learned to read. As the morning approached, fatigue and need of sleep drove them to their berths, and they were sleeping soundly when the vessel passed the entrance to Manila Bay, so were not conscious of the fact that the captain received from a watching dispatch boat a long message from his superior officer, giving details of the disaster—the spot where it occurred, the course which the missing passengers had taken. What was equally

important, two guides who spoke the languages of the tribes inhabiting the country which they must penetrate, and were also familiar with the routes and methods of travel, came with the dispatch. They brought also a letter from Daniel Patterson, written two days before his departure, in which he said that his physicians had prescribed a long sea voyage for him, and that he had chosen the trip to Manila and return in compliance with the prescription.

Under the direction of the guides who had joined the steamer, and with the aid of the report which they had brought, the *West Virginia* was able to proceed to the very spot at which the little steamer from Hongkong had been driven upon the rocks by the typhoon. Anchoring temporarily, the captain proceeded on shore, accompanied by the interpreters and a few trusted members of his force, and soon learned the particulars. The little vessel in which Patterson had made the passage from Hongkong chanced to carry but a half-dozen passengers on that trip. When the steamer struck on the rocks and was about to go to pieces, three boats were lowered and manned by the crew, and the passengers divided among them, two to each boat. One of the boats was overturned before reaching the shore, another was blown out to sea and its occupants saved by a passing steamer, and the third—the one in which

Patterson had taken passage—finally reached the shore, where it was carried against a rock by the waves, the two passengers and three members of the crew escaping with their lives. Of the three members of the crew one was a Chinaman and two were natives of the northern part of Luzon, and therefore acquainted with the language of the Pangasinians and Ilocanos, whose territory fronts upon the Lingayen Gulf, and with that of the head-hunting Igorrotes, who occupy the mountainous interior. These men had attempted to lead the way to their own homes, which were located in the boundary lands between those of the two civilized tribes and those occupied by the head-hunting Igorrotes, assuring Patterson and his associate that they could easily communicate thence with a military station near their homes and from that place get direct passage to Manila by the railway which runs from Manila to Dagupan on the Lingayen Gulf. They had disappeared in the direction of the homes of these men and had not been further heard from.

This was the situation as Captain Wilkins found it. He had no reason to doubt the statement of the natives, for both the Ilocanos and Pangasinians have a high rank in intelligence and friendly relations with the Americans. Returning to his vessel, he selected a half-dozen of his most trusted men, capable

of enduring a long and arduous trip through the mountains and jungles of the island, and, with a limited supply of provisions and a plentiful supply of arms and ammunition and the necessary currency, prepared for departure. When everything was ready he laid the facts before the ladies, saying that a short run would place the vessel in the perfectly safe harbor of Dagupan, and directing the officer who was left in command of the vessel to place them in the care of the commanding officer of the post, who, with his family, would care for them, an arrangement to which they readily assented in view of the necessity for the immediate departure of Captain Wilkins and his picked men in search of Patterson and his companions.

Then the expedition, followed by the good wishes and prayers of those whom they left on the ship, began its march to the interior. The purpose was to follow, if possible, the route taken by the shipwrecked party, but, if not, to go by the most direct route to the place designated as the home of the two natives and situated on the border of the Igorrote country.

During the first day the route led through the territory occupied by the Ilocanos and then that of the Pangasinians. Mr. Teller, who accompanied the party and was one of its most active members,

was surprised at the evidences of thrift, prosperity, and intelligence among the people. The roads were in many cases fairly good, the bridges had been put in good repair, and the houses, which were found in little groups at short intervals, were surrounded by evidences of greater prosperity and advancement than he had expected to find. A glance through the doorways as they passed showed that they were comfortably furnished, that many of them contained some books and musical instruments, while the well-kept gardens and plentiful supply of chickens, pigs, and goats indicated that the food supply was not lacking. School buildings, with the American flag floating above them, were seen at intervals, and through the doors he could see bright-looking young Filipino teachers instructing the neatly dressed children, and on several occasions he heard the strains of "America" and the "Star-Spangled Banner" sung by youthful voices led by an organ played by the teacher. The fields were well cultivated with tobacco, rice, bananas, and hemp, and quantities of copra were being dried and prepared for market. The men were dressed in white cotton trousers, with shirts of some thin material, and the women, who gazed wonderingly from the doors and windows, wore the broad-sleeved jackets of *jussi* or *pina* cloth, a skirt of some dark color, their feet en-

cased in heelless slippers and their heads and arms decorated with rings and bracelets.

As they left the section fronting upon the coast and entered the valleys between the mountain ranges, conditions began to change. Little plantations of coffee made their appearance upon the mountain-sides, and small quantities of the berry purchased from the natives proved to be of such excellent quality that a larger supply was laid in by the captain, whose guides informed him that the people of northern Luzon had a few years ago been extremely successful in producing a fine quality of coffee, but that the production had greatly decreased on account of the ravages of an insect which destroyed many of the trees.

As they proceeded still farther into the interior, they noted a marked change in the appearance of the natives and in their dress and manners. The full-length trousers and shirt gave place to short trousers reaching from the waist to the knee, the upper part of the body being uncovered. The women wore short skirts, and in some cases a shawl of bright colors thrown over the shoulders at the approach of strangers. The rings and bracelets of European or American fashions which had decorated the fingers and arms of the women of the coast tribes were no longer seen, and others of native workman-

ship or composed merely of brass wire wound around the arm took their places. Instead of the shoe or the heelless slipper the foot was bare, or only protected by a sandal made of the fiber from the husk of the cocoanut. Men coming down from the mountains carried in their hands a spear and at the side the *bolo*, the universal companion of the Filipino in the rural and mountainous regions. The houses were smaller and consisted often of but a single room or, at the best, a couple of apartments, and their furnishings were more simple, and extending little beyond the necessary cooking utensils.

Yet there were evidences of industry and a plentiful production of the necessary food supplies. Fields of waving corn surprised the Americans by the evidence which they offered that this product of the temperate-zone climate of the United States can thrive in the tropics and furnish a valuable food supply. The universally produced and very useful *camote*, or sweet potato, grew in abundance, and on the mountainsides were little terraces which had been walled and leveled up with earth, and streams of water turned upon them to render them fit for the production of rice, which grew abundantly and yielded plentifully. Pigs and chickens were abundant and were in evidence in every village or group of houses which they encountered, the pigs wearing curious

bow-shaped collars to prevent their making their way through the bamboo and the *bejuco* fences which surrounded the gardens.

The search for the missing men, however, did not meet with the encouragement that the captain had hoped. Inquiries by the guides had at first enabled them to trace them from point to point, but as they began to enter the mountainous country above described, the natives grew noncommunicative and all traces of the party were finally lost. It seemed necessary, therefore, to make with all speed direct to the section which the two natives from the wrecked vessel had named as their homes, and this was done. Arriving in this section, a day was spent in locating the homes of the men, and when they were finally found it was learned that the party had not arrived and nothing definite was known as to their whereabouts. There were rumors, however, that a party of strangers consisting of two Americans and two others who had been looked upon as native guides had been captured by a band of natives from the Igorrote country and carried to the interior.

"Does that mean the head-hunters?" asked Mr. Teller in dismay as he heard this.

"I fear it does," said the captain. "But it does not necessarily prove that our friends have fallen victims to the head-hunting habits of these people.

They are very judicious in their choice of heads and usually select only those of their tribal enemies and reserve for ransom any other prisoners they may take."

The little searching party moved quietly through the villages and among the mountain ranges, making cautious inquiries through their interpreters of the natives whom they met, especially inquiring of the women and children, who were usually less guarded in their replies. Frequently they came upon "rest houses," structures which had been erected by the native governments for the accommodation of travelers. In these they usually found groups of people cooking their rice and *camotes* and resting under the shelter of the *nipa* roofs, and from these they heard of a party of men, two *Americanos* and two natives, who had been seen traveling with a party of armed Igorrotes.

They hastened on, passing farther and farther into the interior and up the long valleys which grew narrower and narrower. The men whom they met no longer wore even the short trousers, but were content with a loin cloth wrapped about the hips and drawn between the legs, sometimes with a knot at the sides and occasionally a long end thrown over the shoulder. On their heads they wore curious little caps woven from narrow strips of rattan

or the fiber of the hemp and dyed in some bright color. Their feet were bare, and the great toe was abnormally enlarged and stood out at a considerable angle from the others, being apparently used in climbing trees and rocks along the mountainside. The hair was worn in a tuft at the top of the head and shaved all round the temples and back of the head. The ears of the men and women were adorned with coils of brass wire or shell rings, and the arms and breasts were decorated with tattooing in squares and triangles and, occasionally, figures of animals or flowers. The dress of the women differed but little from that of the men, except that the loin cloth was extended to a very short skirt, usually of some bright color, and shawls of attractive red and black stripes were thrown over the shoulders of some, while others contented themselves with numerous strings of beads which hung loosely about the neck and across the breast. Every man whom they now met carried a spear and *bolo*, and many of them also carried shields made of closely woven rattan.

The dwellings of these people were of the most simple fashion. They were built on posts about five or six feet above the ground. On the top of each post was placed a piece of wood shaped like an inverted washbasin, the purpose of this being to prevent mice, rats, and other animals of this character

entering the house by way of the posts which supported it. Above the posts was a frame made of bamboo and on this was stretched pieces of woven matting made from strips of bamboo or reeds, thus forming the sides of the house. The roof of *cogon* grass extended far beyond the sides of the structure, giving it, as it stood upon the high posts, the appearance of a huge mushroom. The entrance was by little ladders of bamboo, which were drawn up when not in use. The doorposts of the houses were usually ornamented by the skull of a *carabao* or other animal, and the walls of the interior were also decorated with skulls and jawbones of various animals, and in some cases with human skulls.

The methods of agriculture were in marked contrast with the simple habits of dress and household life. The mountainsides were carefully terraced with walls of stone and the spaces above them filled with soil and irrigated by mountain streams, from which the water was conveyed by ditches from one level to another, the irrigated spaces being devoted to the cultivation of rice, while in the places to which water could not be conveyed, potatoes, onions, tomatoes, corn, beans, and *camotes*, or sweet potatoes, were grown. These terraces frequently extended far up the mountainside and indicated that these wild tribes, however lacking in certain of the elements of

civilization, have the important basic quality of industry and ingenuity.

"These Igorrotes," said Mr. Teller, "while they remind me in some respects of the Negritos whom we saw in Mindanao, are quite different in their habits of industry and their disposition to make permanent homes in the places of their abode. Certainly they have bestowed an enormous amount of labor in making this mountainous country productive."

"Yes," replied the captain, "they are an entirely different race from the Negritos. They are, you see, much larger, and are, indeed, a large, well-developed race of people physically, with yellow skin and straight hair, while the Negrito has a black skin and woolly hair. It is believed by some that these people are of the same stock as the Ainus of Japan and Formosa, and the fact that they have the head-hunting habits the same as those of Formosa seems to add color to this theory. Formosa, you know, is but a comparatively short distance to the north of northern Luzon, and it is not improbable that these people are related ethnologically to those of that island."

As he said this he stooped down and picked up a small object from the little path which they were following. As he turned it over, his eye caught something which very much interested him.

"Good!" he said, holding the object before the eyes of Mr. Teller. "We are upon the right track at last."

It was a small button, such as one might find at any roadside.

"Only a button," said Mr. Teller. "That does not prove anything, does it?"

"Yes, it is only a button," said the captain, "but do you see that mark upon it, the mark of an American manufacturer? And it has evidently been dropped there within a very short time, for it has no sign of dirt upon it, and there was a heavy rain here but two hours ago."

They hurried on, and soon it became apparent that they were approaching a town of some importance. The path broadened out into a road of considerable proportions, the streams were bridged with stone arches, the roadside was lined with native huts, and from these came, tumbling down the ladders, groups of children drawn by the curious spectacle of an officer and a file of soldiers. The women peered curiously from the doors or stopped in their work of their gardens, throwing back the long hair which fell loosely about their shoulders and gazing in astonishment.

As they rounded a point on the mountainside they saw in the valley below them a large village of native

houses, laid out with broad streets, a market place, and several substantial buildings, evidently the residences of important members of the community. In this market place was gathered a mass of people crowding about as if trying to get a view of some of the figures which occupied the center of the group; and looking with his glass, Captain Wilkins could see that the central objects were men in European or American costume. Forming his men into line and giving them orders to be ready for any emergency, but to make no hostile movement without orders, he moved the little column quickly down the mountain-side and across the narrow valley and entered the village unobserved by the inhabitants, who were so much intent upon the object before them that they failed to observe the approach of strangers. As they neared the group the alarm was given, but to the astonishment of Captain Wilkins and his men there were no signs of hostility other than some shouts and brandishing of spears by a few excited individuals, who were soon called to order by the chief, who advanced to greet them with evidences of friendship.

As he did so the crowd gave way, and in the center of the group the captain saw the figure of his friend Daniel Patterson, not deprived of his head or bound or suffering tortures, as fancy had

pictured him, but seated upon the ground beside a mat upon which were wooden dishes heaped with sweet potatoes and corn and chicken and roast pig and rice and shells of cocoanut filled with steaming coffee—a feast spread by the Igorrote chieftains in honor of their American visitor.

CHAPTER XVI

Two days later the *West Virginia* entered the harbor of Manila just as the sun was disappearing behind a great bank of purple and gold-fringed clouds which skirted the western horizon. Captain Wilkins had pointed out the historic spots as they entered the bay—the point at which Dewey's fleet crept in silently with extinguished lights past the forts which guarded the entrance to the bay, and the spot at which the battle took place; and as they drew slowly into the harbor they found it filled with vessels of all sorts and sizes and bearing flags of many nations. There were great warships flying the American flag and on their decks a line of marines drawn up in order for the termination of the day's duties; there were huge American merchant vessels from whose funnels a great cloud of black smoke was still pouring, indicating that they had just arrived from the Pacific ports of the United States; there was the "Mosquito Fleet" of little white vessels of the naval and revenue cutter service; vessels flying the British flag; vessels flying the German flag; vessels flying the

French flag; vessels flying the Japanese and Chinese flags, and among these a score of little tugs were rushing back and forth, puffing and screaming, towing barges from shore to vessel and again from vessel to shore; trim little launches bearing the flag of the revenue service were darting hither and thither, and long, narrow rowboats, barely wide enough for the oarsmen to sit and only prevented from overturning by long arms supporting a bamboo pole at either side, surrounded the vessels and offered their services for transfer of passengers and baggage to the shore.

On the deck stood a group composed of the Misses Dennison and Saxton, Mrs. Baker, Mr. Teller, and Daniel Patterson, while on the bridge just above stood Captain Wilkins giving directions for the handling of the vessel as she moved to her place of anchorage. Daniel Patterson, who was now slowly gaining strength after the illness resulting from his wound at New York, had told the story of the wanderings among the Igorrotes, the loss of bearing by the native guides, the capture by Igorrote warriors, the escort to the native town, the solemn council of the aged men of the tribe as to the treatment which he should receive, and the final conclusion that as the Americans had shown themselves friends to the Igorrotes he should be returned in safety to the nearest military post.

This little group of Americans, with whom the readers of this story and of its predecessors, "Uncle Sam's Secrets" and "Uncle Sam's Soldiers," are now well acquainted, stood silently upon the deck of the *West Virginia* as it moved into the harbor of Manila, enraptured by the scenes around them. They had expected to find a dingy little town attended by a half-dozen vessels, but here they saw a great harbor filled with magnificent ships representing the mercantile marine of the world, and among them all that activity which characterizes the harbor of one of the great commercial cities of the United States. Instead of *nipa*-covered houses which they had expected to find, they saw before them a city with handsome structures nestling in a tropical forest of rare beauty, a city with broad, well-paved streets through which flowed a great river crowded with lighters and barges, native boats laden with products for the market, rafts of logs from the interior, and threading their way among them, busy tugs whose hoarse whistles could be heard from the deck of the steamer on which stood this group of expectant Americans, and, mingled with these hoarse whistles, the scream of railway engines, the rumble of street cars, and the bustle of a busy city. Then, as the brightness of the tropical sunset turned to the darkness of the tropical night, a line of electric lights

flashed into view, stretching for miles along the water front, colored lights appeared at the mast-heads of the vessels about them, and the chimes of the great cathedral bells on shore rang out the hour which called the thousands of all classes to their devotions.

"Are we in fairyland?" said Miss Dennison, clasping her hands as she gazed with emotion upon the brilliant spectacle before them. "Can it be possible that we are really in the Orient, and that this beautiful city before us is really the city of Manila, an American city here in the Orient, on the very opposite side of the world, with all these evidences of American life and activity?"

No true American who has traveled the weary thousands of miles which carry him halfway around the world, and encountered the strange scenes of Oriental cities and Oriental life, can fail to be thus impressed as he sees this great harbor and city of Manila rise before him like a section of his own country transplanted to this tropical Oriental island, an Occidental gem in an Oriental setting. He may be somewhat disenchanted when he sets foot on land and finds that necessarily many of the surroundings are still those which have appertained to this section and people for generations, but to the American man or woman so long removed from the scenes to which

the life has been accustomed, the harbor of Manila with its American ships, American flags, and American bustle is like a home-coming, and must inspire him with a new admiration for the vigor and perseverance and enterprise of his countrymen.

"I suppose we shall have to remain here until morning," said the captain. "The health regulations of the city of Manila are very strict, and nobody is allowed to land without an inspection by the medical authorities."

"An inspection by the medical authorities," said Miss Saxton. "How strange! Why is that, Captain Wilkins?"

"It is the custom in all countries, and especially in the tropics, and a very necessary one. It often happens that vessels arrive from ports at which the cholera plague or other diseases of that kind are known to exist, and it is necessary that all persons on board—passengers, officers, and crew—be examined before being permitted to land."

Early the next morning a little launch bearing the flag of the medical inspectors ran alongside of the vessel, the officers clambered on board, the usual questions were asked, the pulse of each passenger and member of the crew was tested, and the formalities were over. The captain's launch was lowered, the siren whistle screamed, the great steamers about

ON THE PASIG RIVER, MANILA.

them seemed to fall into the background, and in a few minutes they were setting foot on the docks at Manila, with a throng of men in white costumes, but with American faces and American ways, gathering about them, shouting in a familiar tongue the names of hotels, or offering their services as guides, as drivers, or in transfer of baggage.

"It seems just like getting home again," said Miss Saxton, "to hear this good English language and the good American ways just as we have been accustomed to them all our lives at home."

The scenes on the streets of Manila were a strange mixture of the Oriental and Occidental, the European and American, the ancient and the modern. They found it a city of more than a quarter of a million of people, with modern buildings, electric lights, well-paved streets, and modern trolley cars; yet a part of it was still surrounded with a solid stone wall, built centuries ago, with its picturesque gates and watchtowers, a reminder of the customs of the dark ages and the Inquisition. Upon the streets the man in the costume of the busy American banker touched elbows with the Spanish merchant, the half-caste planter, the Chinese trader, and the Filipino workman. American ladies rode by in open carriages drawn by handsome horses, ladies with a Spanish cast of countenance were seen peeping from

the half-open blinds of the handsome houses whose second stories overhung the narrow sidewalks. The Filipino women clattered noisily along the streets in heelless slippers which flapped loudly against the pavement at every step, the babies sitting astride the hip of the mother and entering no protest, no matter how hot the sun. Children with American faces and speaking the English language walked quietly along the streets, gazing with wondering eyes upon the strange sights about them. Others, with eyes and hair which proclaimed their Spanish parentage, chattered together in the Spanish tongue as they studied the shop windows or commented upon the costumes and customs of their new American neighbors; others, of the Filipino type with straight black hair and brown skins, luxuriated in a single garment which hung from the shoulder to the knee, and tripped lightly over the pavement in bare feet.

On the streets the carriage of the dignified American official, driven by a Filipino *cochero* dressed in a livery of brown linen trimmed with blue, swung at a dashing pace past the *quelis* of the Spanish lawyer, the *carromata* of the sight-seeing visitor, and the *carabao* cart which transported the merchandise of the Chinese shopkeeper. On the Pasig River, the great water avenue of the city, tugs officered by

Americans threaded their way among the lighters transporting merchandise from British ships to the Chinese shopkeepers or from German vessels to East Indian dealers or from the bamboo rafts which brought the products of the countrymen to the Filipino market dealer.

The day was a busy one for the young ladies. "I have but one day here before my steamer leaves for Japan," said Mrs. Baker, "and I shall be glad to show you some of the interesting sights of the city of Manila, if you desire a chaperon for that purpose. I lived in Manila, you know, before I went to Mindanao, so I am tolerably familiar with the city and its sights, and shall be glad to introduce you to them."

So a *carromata* was engaged for the day after extended negotiation with the driver, who hesitated about making such a long engagement. First there was a visit to the "Walled City," by which is meant the oldest part of Manila, which was surrounded by a stone wall some twenty-five feet in height and twenty feet thick, and on the outer side a deep moat, or ditch, which was filled with water. The purpose of this originally was to protect the dwellers of the city from attacks by enemies or marauding natives, who were in those days liable to sweep down from the mountains of the interior or come up from the

sea as pirates. Within the walls the streets were narrow, and the little sidewalks which ran beside them were scarcely sufficient in width to permit two persons to pass in meeting. The buildings fronted directly upon these narrow sidewalks and the second story projected over them so far that the pedestrian seemed to be walking in a covered way. In the heart of this walled city was the palace of the governor, a handsome white structure with a beautiful marble stairway which led to the great *audiencia*, the audience chamber where affairs of state were held, and on the floor above this was the office of the governor, surrounded by those of other officials of the insular government. The walls which surround this old part of the city are about two and one-half miles in length, with drawbridges extending across the moat. Prior to 1852 these drawbridges were always carefully drawn up at eleven o'clock each night and lowered at four o'clock each morning. Since American occupation, however, they have never been closed, and the moats, or ditches, outside the walls have been filled with earth for the purpose of reducing the danger of disease from the stagnant waters and accumulations of filth which these ditches contained. From the governor's palace they went to the great cathedral, located within the walled city, and built during Spanish control with a liberal use

MARKET BOATS, MANILA.

of funds—an imposing and handsome structure with costly and beautiful windows and carvings, and the interior handsomely finished—and near it the great convent, and, a few blocks distant, other churches and convent buildings.

From the walled city they went to the *Escolta*, the principal business street of Manila. They found it crowded with vehicles of all descriptions—the carriage of the American official or the Spanish lawyer; the *quelis*, or two-wheeled vehicle of the busy tradesman; the *carromata*, patronized by everybody at a fixed rate per hour; the *carabao* cart, loaded with merchandise and creeping slowly through the city, the driver sitting astride the back of the *carabao*. The *Escolta* is the street of retail shops, some occupied by Americans, some by English, others by Germans, and still others by intelligent and courteous Filipinos, who speak perfect English and exhibit their wares with all the politeness and business acumen observable in any country. The shops were crowded with people of all classes—handsomely dressed ladies, some of them evidently the wives of American officials, others whose features showed that they were of Spanish descent, and still others of Filipino stock, but speaking Spanish or English, as occasion might require. The young ladies expressed surprise at these evidences of intelligence and culture and the

methods of European civilization observable among the Filipinos of the more progressive type.

"You must remember," said Mrs. Baker, "that there are many well-educated and widely experienced people among the Filipinos of the islands, especially in and about Manila, and considerable numbers of them have been educated in Europe and are familiar with conditions in all parts of the world."

From the *Escolta* they drove through the *Rosario*, a street crowded with Chinese and native shops of the Oriental pattern, each shop a single small apartment opening directly upon the sidewalk, the proprietor sitting at the front and smiling blandly upon those of the passers who bestowed a glance upon his wares. From the *Rosario* they turned to the residence portion of the city, where Mrs. Baker paid hurried calls upon some of her former acquaintances, and her companions were astonished to find handsome and costly residences built in European style and furnished with the products of American factories, the sliding windows of translucent shells opening upon broad verandas festooned with tropical vines and plants. The reception given Mrs. Baker and her young friends by the Filipino and Spanish hostesses was most cordial, proving also a series of constant surprises to the American girls, who could scarcely realize that the handsomely gowned, English-speak-

A STREET SCENE IN MANILA: THE ESCOLTA.

ing ladies to whom they were presented were representatives of the Filipino race.

"And now," said Mrs. Baker, as they made their *adios* to the Filipino ladies and were escorted to the *carromata* by the *muchacho*, or house boy, "you must not forget your engagement for this afternoon. You know you and Mr. Teller and Mr. Patterson are to call at the offices of the head of the public-school system. I am glad that Mr. Patterson is going with you, for he seems to be very much interested in the schools, and has the faculty of finding out a lot of very interesting facts."

An hour later they were at the palace, and, after a few minutes' waiting, were cordially received by the official in charge of that branch of the educational service to which they had been assigned.

"We shall have plenty for you to do," he said cheerily, as he proceeded to enroll them and make notes of their respective qualifications based upon experience and lines of special study. "The demand for teachers is very pressing. The desire of the Filipino people for education is very great, and not only are they sending their children for enrollment in the day schools, but many of the parents are themselves attending the night schools, since their duties do not permit them to attend the day sessions."

"You really find the Filipino indicating a desire

for education and development along such lines, do you?" said Mr. Patterson, who had listened with much interest.

"Let me answer that by our actual experiences. The work of establishing schools began soon after the war closed, because we saw the importance of not only providing education for the rising generation, but of establishing some common medium of communication among these people, and between them and such of the American people as may come into contact with them in person or otherwise. There are eight distinct tribes of Christian or civilized Filipinos, and some of these had two or more distinct languages or dialects, so different that communication between the different sections and localities was impossible; while the people of one tribe did not understand the language of any other tribe. They had comparatively little literature of their own, and to attempt to adopt the language of any one of these tribes and make it common to the people of the islands was more difficult than to take some language in which there was a plentiful supply of literature and books for educational purposes. So it seemed advisable to select some language different from that of any of the Filipino tribes."

"So you naturally selected the English language," said Mr. Patterson.

"The languages which suggested themselves," continued the official, "were English and Spanish. The Spanish, it is true, had been the language of the governing people for centuries, yet it appeared that but about ten per cent of the people of the islands spoke it, and, what is more important, it is not spoken by any considerable share of the business world with whom we hope the people of these islands will have growing and, in time, important relations. The English language is not only that of the governing country, but it is the recognized language of commerce throughout the Orient, and is gaining ground everywhere as the language of commerce. So it seemed that the English language was the one which ought to be adopted as the general medium by which the people of the various tribes could communicate with each other and with those who are administering the government, and also communicate with the business and commercial world."

"How is it," said Mr. Patterson, "that the Filipino people, who are, as I understand it, of one general stock—Malay—have so many different languages?"

"For the very simple reason that they have always been widely separated through the occupancy of different islands and through the division of the large islands into distinct sections by great and prac-

tically impassable mountain ranges. The various groups of people occupying the various islands and the distinct sections of the large islands have thus been absolutely separated from each other by those natural barriers, and, as a result, different forms of the original language have grown up and become distinct languages, each understood only by the members of the tribe which developed it during long periods of time and by many generations of people."

"And does your experience indicate that you are going to be successful in establishing the English as a language for general communication?"

"We think so. Of course it will be a slow process, but in the short time since the schools were opened there has been rapid progress in this line, and it is estimated that about twelve per cent of the people now speak sufficient English to communicate with each other and with the English-speaking people with whom they come in contact, either in the administration of government or in commercial life."

"And do the Filipino people indicate a desire to take advantage of the opportunities offered them by the schools organized by the American Government?"

"That brings me to the figures," replied the official with a smile, turning to a book lying upon his

desk. "There was a beginning, a mere beginning, in teaching the Filipino, immediately after the war, and certain of the soldiers qualified for that work and were assigned to the duty of teaching and aiding the Filipino teachers in instruction, and especially in the English language. But it was not until 1901 that the educational system was definitely framed, agreed upon, and put into operation. The plan they adopted and put into operation in the latter part of the year 1901 was to bring American teachers who should give instruction especially to adult Filipinos with a view to fitting them for the work of teaching. All instructions were to be carried on in the English language and with English text-books. About 1,000 American teachers were brought to the islands for that work."

"And what has been the result of that experiment thus far," said Miss Dennison, "both as to the number of Filipino teachers provided and to the number of pupils attending the schools?"

"That is what I am coming to," replied the official, as he ran his finger down the column. "The number of Filipino teachers has steadily grown until it is now over 5,000; and remember that these teachers render their instruction in the English language and with English text-books."

"How have you been able to find so many Fili-

pinos who could speak and teach the English language?"

"By instructing them; a part of the work of the 1,000 American teachers has been instruction of the Filipino teachers in the English language. They have had their classes of men and women desiring to learn English and to learn methods of teaching, and have given them daily instruction. As a result there are now over 5,000 Filipino teachers actually at work in the schools, and we hope to make the number 6,000 or 7,000 before we reach the limitations of our work."

"And does that mean," inquired Miss Saxton with an air of anxiety, "that the work of the American teachers is to end when you have enough Filipino teachers, and that the American instructors will then be out of employment here?"

"Not at all," was the reply. "On the contrary, we expect to put the American teachers, as rapidly as possible, into more advanced work in teaching the higher grades in the public schools, also in work in the normal schools, leaving the primary instruction to the Filipino teachers where possible."

"But you have not told us whether the people themselves are indicating a desire to have their children attend the schools," said Mr. Teller.

"These figures will answer that question," said

YOUNG FILIPINOS AT SCHOOL.

the official, turning again to his book. "The number of pupils enrolled in the public schools on the archipelago in September, 1903, only two years after the plan for the schools had been developed, was 183,000; by September, 1904, a year later, the number was 364,000, having thus practically doubled in one year; and in April, 1905, the number was 510,000, having thus increased fifty per cent in about a half year. This we think, shows beyond a question that the Filipino people desire to see their children educated, and we have also evidence that they desire education for themselves in the fact that many of them attend the night schools."

"The systematic plan laid down by the authorities looks to the development of something more than a primary school work then, does it?" asked Mr. Patterson.

"Yes," was the response of the official. "Our plan includes: (1) The placing of primary instruction within the reach of every child in the Christian or civilized provinces of the archipelago. (2) To organize each province into a school district to be placed in charge of competent supervising teachers. (3) To train Filipino teachers for the work in at least the primary schools. (4) To organize in the larger municipalities intermediate schools with industrial training as a part of their system. (5) To

establish a high school in each province. (6) To establish one or more normal or technical schools in the islands, and (7) to thus pave the way for the establishment in due time of a Philippine university."

"A pretty ambitious programme, is it not?" said Mr. Patterson.

"Yes, but a perfectly rational one, we think, and a proper one if we are to assume that the Filipino is capable of development—as we believe he is—and of coming into closer and more cordial relations with the people of the United States as the years pass and the acquaintance develops through closer commercial and industrial relationship. So you see," he added, "that you teachers need not fear that you will be crowded out of your work by the Filipino teachers, for there is more advanced work in sight for all American teachers who desire it."

Then he turned to another page of the book, and added: "Mr. Teller will be assigned to work in a province in northern Luzon, and, after service in the primary grades will have the right to aspire to the position of supervising teacher or principal. Miss Dennison and Miss Saxton will be assigned to school work in the city of Manila and will in time have a right to aspire to high school or normal school work."

Then the members of the party, joining Mrs. Baker and Captain Wilkins, hailed a passing electric

car and were soon on the *Luneta*, a handsome park fronting upon Manila Bay and at night brilliantly lighted by electricity, where they spent an hour listening to the strains of popular and classical music discoursed by a Filipino band, and watching the endless procession of well-dressed people who passed and repassed in carriages and *carromatas* or rested upon the benches and grass, conversing in English and Spanish and French and German and Chinese and Tagalog, or, as Miss Saxton expressed it, "every language under the sun."

One month later the members of the party gathered again in Manila, this time for the purpose of saying good-by to Dan Patterson, their faithful friend and associate in times of trouble. He had spent the month in the island of Mindanao in company with Captain Wilkins, apparently upon some mysterious errand which neither of them seemed disposed to discuss. Mrs. Baker had returned from Japan refreshed by her trip, and arrived in Manila on the day the *West Virginia* returned from Mindanao, and was gratified to learn that it had on board Lieutenant Baker and their daughters, to meet her at Manila. Captain King, of Cebú, was also present, having by chance arrived in Manila on orders a few days earlier. Mr. Teller had come by rail from Dagupan, which was but a few hours' ride

from his place of work among the Ilocanos, for whom he had already conceived a high regard. Misses Dennison and Saxton came fresh and cheery from their school work, which they declared most interesting, every day giving them a better opinion of the Filipino and a greater confidence in his future. Dan Patterson had fully recovered from the effect of the bullet which he received while signaling to the steamer off the dock at New York, and had arranged to return to the United States by a steamer which was to go first to the little American island of Guam, thence to the Samoan group, thence to the Hawaiian Islands, and finally to one of the Pacific ports of the United States.

As he stood on the deck of the departing steamer and waved good-by to the friends who had accompanied him in Captain Wilkins's launch, he purchased a copy of a Manila evening paper from an enterprising Filipino youth, and, glancing over the head lines, he read these words:

"Wallace Addison, an American counterfeiter, arrested in the island of Mindanao."

(1)

THE END

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